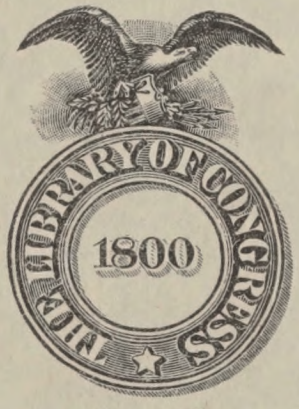
A Modern Esther
and other stories

BY EMILY GOLDSMITH GERSON



Class PZ5

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A MODERN ESTHER

AND OTHER STORIES FOR JEWISH CHILDREN

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FOR

JEWISH CHILDREN

BY

EMILY GOLDSMITH GERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY

C. T. FURMAN

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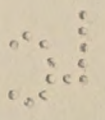

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DEDICATED TO

THE MEMORY OF

MY FATHER

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A MODERN ESTHER

A MODERN ESTHER.

THE members of Rabbi Josevitch's congregation entered the little synagogue in the town of M——, in Russia, and took their seats one Purim morning. It was too early for the services, so the women sat behind the lattice work in the balcony, and occupied their time whispering about the latest and all-absorbing topic.

"They say the rabbi is overwhelmed with joy," said one.

"And why should he not be? A baby is always a blessing; but when it is born on Yom-tov it is doubly so," answered a second.

"What a comfort a daughter will be to dame Josevitch," said another.

"She will be too proud to look at us now. She always held her head a little high for a rabbi's wife."

"She makes our dear rabbi a good wife, and that is all that is necessary," retorted a personal friend of the mother under discussion, and further conversation was cut short by the entrance of the rabbi, and the beginning of the Purim prayers.

The rabbi's face was radiant with happiness. Tormented and persecuted as the Jews of the town of M— were, the holidays were always a source of pleasure to them, especially the Feast of Purim, which was observed by alms-giving and merry-making.

This year, Josevitch's baby came to make their Purim doubly blessed. An Esther had come into their hearts; and long and earnestly did the rabbi and his wife pray that she would be a queen among women.

After the service many of the women crowded into the rabbi's home to take a peep at the little new-comer, as it lay sleeping peacefully in its cradle.

"I prophesy great things for her," said one of them.

"And why not, pray? She has the heritage of grace and beauty from her mother, and profound learning from the rabbi."

"We will have to find a king for Queen Esther," said another, but Dame Josevitch thought she detected a sneer in the speaker's tone, and she spread her motherly arms over the cradle to protect her child.

"Would to God I could keep her safe from the

sneers of the world," she thought. But Esther was destined to have her share, and suffer with her people and for her people.

The chubby baby grew into a beautiful child, and as she tripped beside her parents, chatting and laughing, the other children of her age cast envious glances at her, and whispered:

"She thinks because she is the rabbi's daughter she is better than we."

"Don't you know that she was born on Purim, and was named after good Queen Esther?"

"I'm tired of hearing the story of how our mothers went to see her after Schul that Purim, and how the Rabbi blessed her. She is welcome to her fine airs, I'm sure."

Esther, however, quite unconscious of the bitter feeling she had aroused among her classmates, gave them a dignified nod, and went her way.

She had her mother's retiring disposition. She was a child of nature, and loved to wander under the trees, and to gather flowers; to count the stars, and watch the moon. She would sit by the hour and listen to the chirp of the birds; and the rivulet that coursed its way through the woods, which skirted the town, murmured fanciful things to her.

To this woods her mother had frequently taken

her to spend the day when she was too young to go to school, and now Esther looked back on those days and longed to throw aside her books and run off to her favorite retreat.

Rabbi Josevitch very often shook his wise head and tried argument:

"Esther, your report was not good this week. You must settle down to your studies." Or—"Where were you this afternoon? Chasing butter-flies? You are getting too old for such nonsense, and will be the dunce of your class."

"Father, the school-room is so close that I can scarcely breathe, and I love to be among the trees and flowers; but if it annoys you, I'll try to mend my ways," said Esther, kissing her dearly loved parent.

Her beauty attracted attention, and many a nudge the non-Jewish children would give each other as she passed them, and the boys cried:

"There goes Esther, queen of the Jews. We'll make it hot for her people when we are men."

One said; "Let's begin right now."

"I'll protect her if she gives me a kiss," said another. It was Ivan Belza, the Governor's son.

Esther was on her way from school when this conversation took place. She was frightened, and

started to run at full speed. The boys laughed at Ivan's discomfiture.

"Did you ever get fooled?" they shouted.

"No, I never did, nor will I this time," cried the Governor's son, as he bounded after Esther. He quickly caught up with her, put his arms around her, and was about to kiss her, when she turned and struck him in the face, and then disappeared in the Ghetto.

Ivan was dumbfounded at first, but when he heard the jeers of his companions he regained his senses and muttered as he walked away, "She'll have cause to remember this day, the beautiful Jewish witch."

Esther ran to her parents, and told them her troubles.

The mother cried over her daughter. "Have they started their persecutions on you already, my poor child! And you barely ten years old. We must guard you better."

The rabbi said, "I will call on the Governor to-day. He is our friend, and he will surely be able to use his influence with his own son, although he has failed to put a stop to the assaults to which we Jews are subjected, alas, too frequently."

The Governor heard Rabbi Josevitch's story

and promised him and his people protection. He was a good man, and felt for the Jewish population of the town of M—, but was able to do little against their persecutors.

The years passed away, and Esther was now a beautiful maiden of sixteen.

The intolerance toward the Jews was growing worse all the time, and although the Governor threatened to punish anyone who dared perpetrate any outrage on them, the plots were kept secret, the Jews were whipped, and the Governor was unable to find the offenders. Rabbi Josevitch was sorely puzzled as to what council to give his people. His kind heart bled for his friends.

It was the day before Purim and Dame Josevitch was preparing for the holiday meal. Esther took her book and walked to her favorite woods in the outskirts, and settled herself in a sheltered nook to enjoy an hour's reading.

In a few minutes the quiet of the place was disturbed by voices which seemed to be coming toward the very spot where Esther sat. She shrank behind a clump of trees to avoid detection. Very near her hiding place the men, there were four in all, paused to rest. She recognized Ivan Belza, as he said:

"Now boys, make no mistake. To-night's the time, and the synagogue is the place."

Esther listened breathlessly to what might follow.

"It is her birthday, and the better the day the better the deed."

"Her! Do you mean Queen Esther? Havn't you forgiven her yet for the kiss she never gave you?" asked one of the men, laughing.

"She'll pray to me for mercy, before I have done with her, the proud beauty; and her race shall suffer for her."

"Tell us again what we are to do," said another.

"You and Julius are to attack the rabbi, while the other dozen fellows rush upon the people as they leave their house of worship. We'll let them pray first, and then they will see how their God protects them. I mean this to be the worst blow they have ever received."

"What share do you take in this sport, or is the Governor's son only to dictate?" questioned the burliest of the four.

"The girl shall be mine, and I dare say I'll have my hands as full as all of you put together. But I swear ——"

Esther waited to hear no more. Pale and sick

at heart, she noiselessly crept through the bushes, and gained the road to the town. Then she sped like a hare. But where? What should she do? Her father's life was threatened, and her people! Of herself she thought last. She was young and strong, and could fight her own battles; but the old men and women in her father's congregation—these she must save from this new outrage. The blood surged through her veins, as the question kept repeating itself, "What can I do? Who can help me?" Then like a flash her heart beat back the answer, "Go to the Governor. He can save your people; he is your father's friend and yours."

To the Governor she hastened, and related the conversation she had overheard in the woods, but avoided mentioning the name of Ivan, his son.

The Governor, glad at last to be able to place his hands on the ruffians who molested the Jews, promised to be, with his soldiers, at the synagogue at the time mentioned.

"Go home, brave girl, and keep our secret, even from your parents, until this evening," he said. "You are a veritable queen, Queen Esther, and your people owe their deliverance to you. Why is the synagogue open this evening?" he asked.

"It is the beginning of our Purim festival, your

Excellency," sobbed Esther, her fears finding vent in tears.

"H'm, h'm, I see! The villains meant to rob

you of one of the few pleasures you Jews have," he muttered. "Never fear, my child, I'll be at hand."

With a thankful heart, Esther bade the Governor farewell.

That evening, just as the reading of the Scroll of Esther was about coming to an end, a murmur was heard from without, a murmur which filled the hearts of the people within that small edifice, with fear and despair. They gazed at each other in blank dismay.

"Rabbi! Rabbi Josevitch, save us!" they cried.

"God help us," moaned the women as they held their children close to them.

Esther who was by this time standing next to her father, said in a clear, calm voice," Fear not, friends, the Governor is here to protect us."

At that moment the Governor's form was seen in the door-way. With a wave of his hand he commanded his soldiers to arrest the ruffians, the Hamans, who meant harm to Israel. Then he advanced to Rabbi Josevitch, and taking his hand he said: "Go to your homes in peace, and God be with you."

The trembling lips of the frightened people tried to falter words of thanks which the Governor interrupted with: "It is not I who have saved you, but this brave woman, Esther Josevitch, who is a queen among her people. She pled for you, and risked her own life for yours. Go home now and celebrate your Purim in a fitting manner."

When Ivan Belza, who had kept in the background, saw his father advancing toward the synagogue followed by armed soldiers, he knew that he would fare no better than his associates if he were caught, so he slunk away and disappeared in the darkness. His words of that morning had been boastful, but he was a coward at heart, and knowing that his father, when he would learn that his son had led the disturbance, would be without mercy, he left the town that night, nor did he ever return to worry Esther, as he joined the army and was shortly after killed in a skirmish.

Such a Purim as it was! One never to be forgotten by Rabbi Josevitch's flock. Their fears being dispelled, their prayers went up in thanksgiving, and the name of Esther Josevitch was graven in the hearts and echoed by the lips of old and young in the Ghetto of the town of M—.

THE LUCK OF THE COHENS

THE LUCK OF THE COHENS.

THE Cohen family had never had much money to boast of; but during the past year ill-luck had seemed to mark them for its own. On the day following the previous Pesach, a, to them, large sum of money, which had been laid aside for the purpose of paying off a mortgage, and to secure which Mr. Cohen had stinted and labored for a long time, had disappeared. All search had proved unavailing, and it was at last concluded that the money must have been stolen.

The payment of the above-mentioned money had been postponed for a year, during which time Mr. Cohen tried to make up the lost amount; but one trouble followed closely on another, and it had been impossible for him to save anything.

Mr. and Mrs. Cohen, with despair in their hearts, wondered what they would do. They had four children, the oldest of whom, Bennie, was thirteen years of age, and then there were two little girls, Hannah and Sarah, and little Joseph, scarcely four. The past year had been one of misfortune, and what was once a fairly comfort-

able, happy home, was now poor and gloomy. First, Mrs. Cohen was sick with a fever, and all the earnings of the good husband went for doctors and drugs. Scarcely was she better when Mr. Cohen fell and broke his arm. He was a house-painter by trade, and this accident caused a cessation in his work for weeks. During this time Bennie and Hannah worked at odd jobs to assist their parents, and in this way the wolf was kept from the door; but many a time all the inmates of that little home suffered from cold and hunger. Through all these and many more privations Mr. and Mrs. Cohen were firm in their faith in God. They turned to Him in their troubles, and fervently prayed for the time when He would see fit to relieve them of their many and severe trials. They thanked Him for blessing them with such good children, and prayed for the safety and health of these four little ones. They religiously ushered in the Sabbath, and observed all the holidays.

So the year wore on, and the day before Pesach was again at hand. Mrs. Cohen tucked the worn-out covers around her children, and fondly kissed them good-night. Then she joined her husband down-stairs, and at once unburdened her heart to him.

"Jacob," she cried, "in two days our mortgage has to be paid, or we must leave the house. I refrained from speaking about this before, because I know how it worries you, but the time has come when we must meet the calamity face to face. To-morrow evening Pesach begins, and on Tuesday, as we cannot pay, we will be without a home. What shall we do? Oh, Jacob, what shall we do?" and for the first time Mrs. Cohen lost heart and utterly broke down.

"Trust in God," said Mr. Cohen, solemnly. "He did not forsake our people thousands of years ago, and he will not forsake us now."

"You are right, husband," said Mrs. Cohen, drying her tears. "He does all for the best. He has given us four good children, whose love throws a ray of sunshine on our dark path. The dear little things! Only to-day I heard them talking about Pesach, and Bennie said he was going to assist in the Seder this year. I cannot disappoint them, so I will get out the yomtoftig dishes and pots for to-morrow night's Seder. In spite of Tuesday's exodus, we will celebrate, as far as it lies in our power, the Pesach."

The next day, after Mr. Cohen had gone to work, all hands were busy. One superintended

the emptying of crumbs from the pockets of the clothing. As the garments were few in number, this task was assigned to little Joseph. Sarah whisked the corners of the rooms; Hannah cleaned the bureau drawers; Bennie went to the closet where the Pesach pots were kept, and began to empty it of its contents, while Mrs. Cohen busied herself with the matzoh kloss.

The house was small, and all the inmates were in easy speaking distance of each other, yet not a word was spoken for some time. The children were too much interested in their new work, and the mother too sad with the thoughts of the morrow to indulge in conversation. Suddenly the stillness was broken by a shout from Bennie. "Mother, I have it! I have it! See the card-case with the mortgage money! Here in the Shalot dish. Look, look!" Mrs. Cohen understood at a glance what he meant, and with streaming eyes was offering a prayer of thanks.

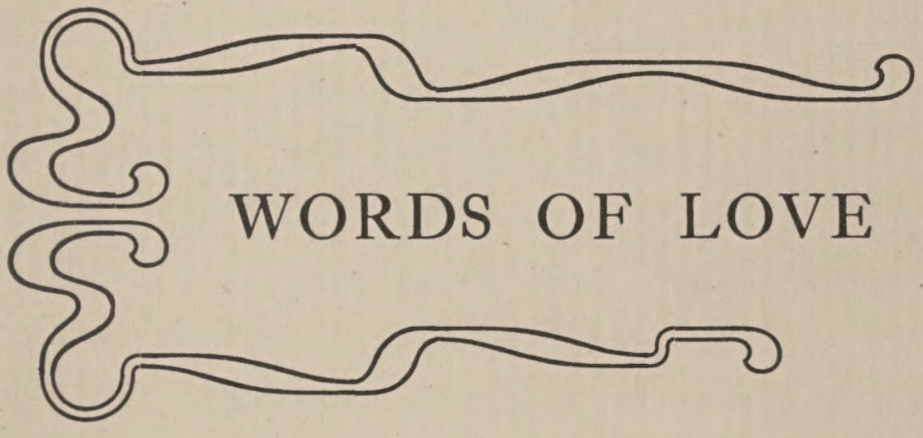
"I want it; it's mine. I put it in there a long time ago," cried Baby Joseph. But no one paid any attention to him. They did not care who put it there; all they realized was that their lives were to begin anew from that time on.

In the midst of this scene Mr. Cohen entered the

house. When he saw the well-remembered, worn-out card case, and the rolls of bills inside, he turned to his wife and said: "Rebecca, God has been good to us. He has heard our prayers, and I thank Him for all his kindness."

That night the Seder table looked bright and beautiful as the Cohen family gathered around to hear the story of how Moses freed the Jews from Egyptian bondage. When the prayers were over and the wine and matzoh were passed around, Mr. Cohen turned to his wife and, lovingly putting his arm around her, said, "Rebecca, you look ten years younger."

"And why should I not look young and happy? This Pesach has given me new vigor. With the thought of paying off the mortgage and retaining our dear home, I know we will begin life anew, and with God's help be able to build a solid foundation for the future of our beloved children."


WORDS OF LOVE

WORDS OF LOVE.

TO you, my little readers, who have loving parents to care for you, and are taught to put your trust in God and look to him for protection, little Elsie will seem an object of pity and will arouse your sympathy. She grew like a wild flower by the wayside, sometimes looked at and admired by a passer-by, but left to live her lonely life in her own wild way. Her parents died, alas, when Elsie as a wee baby, and her grandma, with whom she lived, was an invalid and weary of the world. She was an old woman whom grief and trouble had embittered to such an extent that she seldom spoke, and when she did it was to scold rather than to praise. Elsie, who was used to her ways, returned smiles for frowns, cheerful words for silence or fretful speeches. As the wild rose is full of honey, so Elsie was sweet and pure at heart, and her little feet and hands never wearied in waiting on her grandma, even to doing the cooking and attending to the house. "How old was she?" did you ask. Eight years old, but her unschooled mind was like an infant's in regard to

religion and learning. Nobody ever visited her home. Grandma Kraus, by her reticence, had long since driven Rabbi and acquaintances from her door.

Now it chanced one day that Elsie's uncle, who lived far away from the town wherein she dwelt, was passing on his way to a rocky beach, where his physician had ordered him to go, quite near to Elsie's home. He was her father's brother and had only seen the child once, on the day of her father's funeral. The uncle had frequently thought of the lonely little girl, with her baby face and golden curls, and he and his wife had often wished they could have her come to live with them and fill their childless home with sunshine and laughter, but the grandma's stern face always came between and the subject was dismissed. But this time the uncle declared he would try his persuasive powers on the grandma, and, if possible, carry the child away to the beach for the summer, "For," said he to his wife, "a little sunshine is better than none at all."

Elsie was arranging a bouquet of flowers in the garden adjoining her home when her uncle entered. She looked up in surprise at this unexpected intrusion and was about to run shyly away,

when Mr. Stone's kindly voice arrested her attention, and in a very short time he won her confidence to such an extent that hand in hand they entered the cottage together.

Grandma was no less surprised to see the uncle, but was not so easily won over. "How could she spare Elsie? Who would take care of her during the long summer months that would follow? Was she not lonely enough in her old age? Did they begrudge her even this comfort?" and so on, raising objection on objection until the uncle was about to give up the argument. Suddenly Elsie, with tears in her eyes, ran to her grandma, and throwing her arms around the old lady's neck, she sobbed, "Please, granny, let me go! I'm so lonesome here. I'll be such a good girl when I come back that you'll be glad you let me leave you. Anna Burns will come and stay with you. I'll pay her out of the money dear papa left me."

The uncle explained how his servant would come and keep house for grandma until Elsie returned, and finally, by Elsie's pleading and uncle's reassuring words, grandma gingerly gave consent.

It was arranged that the maid was to come and get Elsie ready for her trip, which was to occur on the day after.

Would the time never pass! How long those two days were! Elsie sang and flew through the house like an untamed bird; even the grandma's reproachful words could not stop her. But when she came to the rocky beach she was beside herself with wonder, delight and fear. The height of the rocks, the softness of the sand, the countless shells, the roar and roll of the ocean almost took her breath away, and the aunt and uncle would sit by the hour watching her at play, and they thanked God for allowing this sun-beam to enter their lives.

"Auntie, isn't the sand soft and silvery?" she said one day. "Who made it?"

"God made it, dear, and He knows every grain of it as he knows His children."

"Who is God? Does He own this beach?" asked the innocent child. Her grandma never spoke of nor prayed to God, and so the lonely child knew not of her Maker.

"God owns this beach and owns the world. He created the world, and He has given to us, His children, minds and hearts and hands, so that we can make use of the things around us."

Elsie's eyes were wide open in awe and wonder.

"Did He make the ocean and the rocks?" she asked in a whisper.

"He made the water and the land, the rocks and the valleys. He causes the sun to shine by day and the moon by night, and He looks down on us with love and bids us live."

"Does He love me, too? Granny never told me of God. Maybe He don't know our village and our cottage," said the child.

"God knows everything and He is everywhere. He hovers over the smallest cottage as well as over the grandest palace."

"Oh! I love God. He must be very good," exclaimed Elsie.

"God is love," reverently said her aunt.

That night, as auntie was tucking the covers around Elsie as she lay in her little bed, she said, "Daughter, would you like to thank God for all the pretty things He has given you this day, and all His loving kindness to you?"

Elsie's face beamed with her answer, and with folded hands and bowed head she offered up her first prayer.

What a happy girlie she was that summer and how she loved to listen to her aunt tell of the wonders of heaven and earth and praise the Master of all.

At last came the time for departure, and sad as

Elsie was to leave her dearly loved relatives, she was anxious to see her grandmother and tell her all about the treasures of the beach and the glories of God.

"I'm sure grandma does not know of God or she would have told me about His love," she said.

Grandma had missed the child more than she dreamed she could ever miss anyone. The maid-servant was kind and helpful, but what was she compared to Elsie, to laughing, happy, singing, romping Elsie!

"She is coming back! she is coming back to me," her heart kept repeating all that live-long day, and finally, when Elsie did burst through the open door and threw herself into her grandma's arms, there was such a flood of sunshine in the room that the little, homely cottage seemed transformed.

"Did you miss me, granny?" lovingly asked the child.

"Aye that I did. But how well you look!"

The grandma saw something in the child's face that was lacking before. It was love and faith.

"Were you well, granny? I prayed for you every night."

"God bless the child," tenderly spoke the

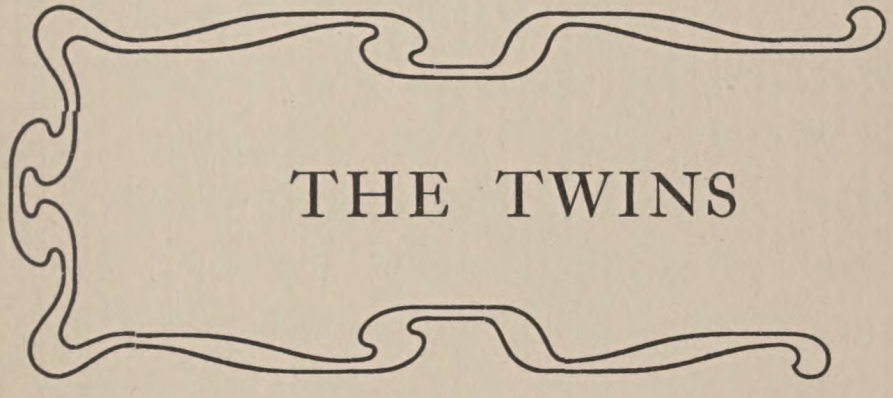
grandma, and for the first time in ten years she was heard to mutter a prayer.

"Granny, I have learned such wonderful

things," solemnly spoke the child, and in her own sweet way she told the aged woman of God, His goodness and His greatness.

"And did you pray for me, child?" chuckled the granny with tears in her voice and eyes. "Your mother used to pray for me, too, but that was ages ago."

"Granny, teach me mother's prayer," pleaded the little one. And with the yellow curls nestling on granny's bosom the reverential words of love were spoken.



THE TWINS

THE TWINS.

"WHY, Ruth, where did you find that bright-eyed little boy, and what are you going to do with him?" asked Mrs. Levis, as Ruth, a girl of twenty, entered the sitting-room leading a shy little fellow, eight years old, by the hand.

"You know, mother, we have often wished for some childish voice and merry laughter to brighten our home, and to make you and father forget the past. To-day, while showing Blanche Nathans the sights of our city, we went to the Orphan Asylum. This little one attracted me most strangely, and, on questioning the matron and finding that he belonged to no one, I brought him along, and now I mean to make him my special care."

"Come, child, tell me your name," said Mrs. Levis, drawing the timid boy to her arms.

"At the Home they call me Julius."

"Julius? Is that your full name?"

"Mother, I think Julius would like to look at these pictures," said Ruth, coming to the child's relief; he had tears in his pretty eyes. Then she

placed him in a big arm-chair, where he soon forgot the strangeness of his surroundings while looking at the brightly colored pictures of animals and birds.

Ruth and Mrs. Levis sat a little apart, the one telling and the other eagerly listening to this little child's short history.

"About four years ago, while the matron of the Orphan Asylum was unlocking the doors of the building one winter's morning, she saw this child shivering on the door-step. In his hand he held a letter addressed to her. The letter was from a poor woman who implored her to take care of her child until she could take him back again. It was the lament of a broken-hearted mother, and was so appealing that the matron kept the little one. Soon the child became the pet of the Home, and as the years passed, and no mother came to claim him, it was believed she was dead. The matron has now accepted a position elsewhere, so she was not sorry to see little Julius go home with me, knowing that I would take care of him, and not knowing who would succeed her at the Home."

"It is a sad story," said Mrs. Levis, "and I am glad we are able to give this poor boy a good home. Perhaps this may, in a measure, atone for

your father's severe treatment of our poor Rachel, after she ran off and married that adventurer. Oh, Ruth? I cannot help thinking of my poor daughter. She may be in need." Mrs. Levis was crying. "To think that in ten years I have not heard a word from her. Every year that has passed since then, has seemed an eternity to me."

"Dear mother, I shall be sorry I brought Julius home, if he is going to bring unpleasant recollections. Besides, father forbids the mention of her name."

Before many days had passed Julius felt perfectly at home, and was soon the favorite of every one, from Father Levis to Susan, the cook, who often gave him, on the sly, cake and candy.

The winter passed, and it was Purim eve.

"Aunt Ruth, you promised to tell me a story this evening. I have finished studying," said Julius.

Ruth could think of nothing more fitting than the story of King Ahasuerus and good Queen Esther, and she related it, adding that the features of this holiday were the assisting of the poor, and general rejoicing. "When I was a little girl," she said, "my sister and I used to mask ourselves and go to see the neighbors. Once I was dressed

as a wash-woman. I had a long calico dress on, a big sun-bonnet on my head, and my sleeves were rolled up above my elbows. I looked so funny that even mamma did not know me."

Julius laughed heartily at this; then after a little more talk, he bade Ruth and his parents, for so he called them, good-night, and went to his room.

Ruth was putting his school books in order for the following day's work, when there came a timid ring at the door-bell.

"I shall go, mother," she said. "Susan has gone to see her sick brother."

"Please buy some matches," came in a weak voice from the door, and there stood a little boy, dressed in rags, trembling from head to foot.

Ruth's laughter rang through the hall. "Come, mother, see our Julius in his Purim eve disguise. He is a clever fellow, is he not? How much are your matches, little actor?"

"Three boxes for five cents," wailed the child.

Ruth's laugh brought her parents to the door.

"Here are ten cents, and now come in out of the cold, and don't fool your old father again," said Mr. Levis.

"My name is Jake, and I want to go home to my sick mother," sobbed the boy; "let me go, let me go!"

The members of the Levis family looked at each other in dismay. What could it all mean? Here was Julius crying about his sick mother. Then they heard a rush down the hall, and Julius called, "Let me see the Purim mask, too, Aunt Ruth. You told me about them, but I never saw any."

Side by side stood the two boys—Julius and the little match peddler—with the exception of their clothes, every inch alike.

Here was a mystery, and Mr. Levis determined to find it out. With kind words he gently drew the poor boy into the house, and on close questioning ascertained that he had a sick mother who depended on her little son's earnings for support.

"Wife, this is Purim, and I will look into this matter to-night yet," and they heard him mutter, "Yes, I will do it for poor Rachel's sake."

Mr. Levis accompanied the lad to a miserable room in a crowded tenement house, and saw—his once-loved eldest daughter in such a pitiable condition that he forgave her even before he heard her sad, sad story.

Ten years before Rachel had married a Gentile, much against her parents' wishes, a man who turned out to be little better than a villain. Her only children were twin boys, who, for a while,

shared her wretchedness. Her pride forbade her from appealing to her stern father in her sore

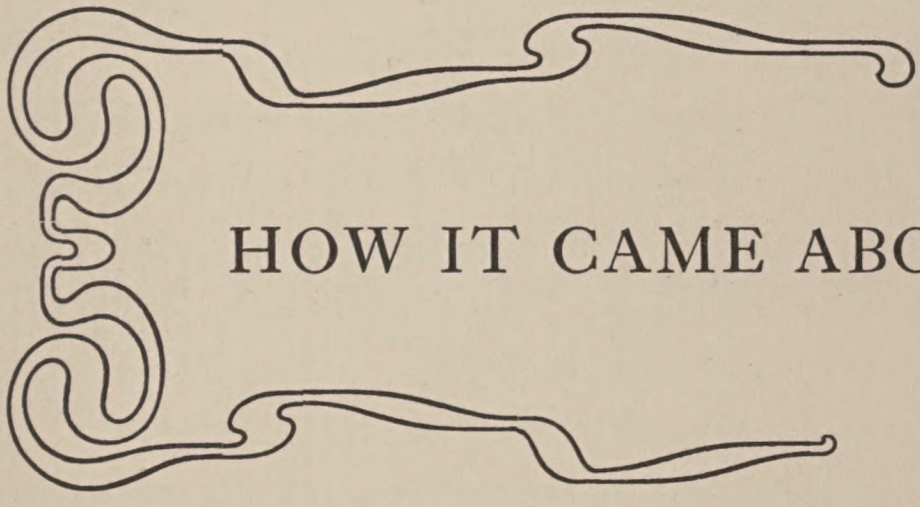
need. When, however, her husband became too cruel, she ran away, leaving one boy at the door of

the Orphan Asylum, expecting to call for him as soon as she could earn enough to enable her to support the two children, and taking the other away with her.

The father's relenting heart suffered keenly while listening to the story of wretchedness and suffering told by his daughter. Her sickness now was more the effect of cold and want of food than anything else, so Mr. Levis had her at once taken to his beautiful home, where she was again surrounded by loving parents, a fond sister and affectionate children. Her husband was never again heard of.

Rachel was happy and contented now. She never spoke of that Purim eve without thanking God for his kindness and asking forgiveness for the pain, which, during ten long years, she had given her parents, who now so readily forgave her.

Julius shared everything with Jake, and these two made the old Levis home bright with laughter and happiness.



HOW IT CAME ABOUT

HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

PART I. THE INVENTION.

EVEN though many of you have never traveled in Italy, you can, I have no doubt, all imagine yourselves there, wandering with me through the poor Jewish quarter of the city of Naples. Here, dilapidated houses are grouped together, and squalid and sickly men, women and children crowd the sidewalks and doorsteps. In perhaps the cleanest of these houses the characters of this story dwell.

The two occupants are all that remain of a once prosperous, happy family of five. If we glance through the window on the ground floor we would see a tall, gaunt man bending over a huge and complicated piece of machinery, which occupies a quarter of the small room. Hunger and sorrow are graven in unmistakable lines on every feature of his strong face, as he mutters, "Not yet, not yet," and sets to work with redoubled energy on the huge iron mechanism before him.

Signor Rosali had held a very good position as engineer in a large factory where fine tapestries

were woven. Being of an inventive turn of mind, his one desire was to perfect the apparatus in use so as to accomplish the work in half the time and save the labor of half the number of workers. With this idea in his mind he relinquished his position and devoted his entire time to his invention. But, alas! fate was cruel to him and to his family. His darling five-year-old daughter was stricken with a fever from which she died shortly after. Then the mother languished from grief, and all the savings of his life time were spent in his efforts to restore her to health. The shock, however, was too great, and mother and daughter were laid side by side in the Jewish cemetery outside of the city. Broken hearted and poor, the father, with Rocco, his eleven-year-old son, and Natali, the nine-year-old daughter, moved from their pretty home to the Ghetto quarter in which we find them.

Here they had lived for about six months, when a neighbor observing the daily struggle of the father, not only at his machine, but to feed and care for the children, especially the girl, suggested taking the child to America with them and there afford her an opportunity of becoming self-supporting.

At first Rosali was deaf to the thought of part-

ing with another of his dearly beloved, but the cry of hunger and the pinched cheeks of Natali pleaded for her, and he consented, saying:

"It will not be for long. Soon I will complete my work and then I will be a rich man and will join my little one on the broad American shores where, perhaps, peace may be with us again."

Natali, scantily equipped, bade farewell to her father and brother, and went with her new friends far across the ocean to the new world, so full of imaginary sunshine and prosperity.

Then Rosali applied himself to the completion of his invention with all his might, but his heart was not in his work, and many a time Rocco, bending over his school books in the other corner of the room, saw his father's head sink on his breast and heard him mutter, "Not yet, not yet. God help me, I am at my wit's end."

The neighbors frequently came to his assistance, and Rocco spent much time after study hours trying to earn something to keep body and soul together, but misfortune had sought out this poor home and claimed it as her own, and it proved a bitter fight.

Finally Rosali begged for work at his former factory, and for old times' sake they found a

vacancy with a salary sufficient for Rosali's and Rocco's sustenance. Here, the sad man spent his days. His evenings and many nights were spent at his machine, which ever eluded his attempts to make it "go." This great iron thing did all but breathe; but it was the breath of life which was lacking, and without which all the inventor's labor and thought were in vain.

It was about six months after Natali's departure, when we, glancing into his window, see the careworn inventor wipe the perspiration from his brow as his head sinks upon his breast. Now we see him lift his head, and, looking toward heaven, he ejaculates a prayer of supplication. These proceedings are not new to Rocco, for has not his father done the same thing almost nightly for the past six months? But what followed was strange and frightened the boy. Rosali, in a frenzy of despair, took his hammer and gave the engine three hard blows; laughed a wild, hard laugh and cried aloud:

"The evil one is in my work. I'll fly into the night and try to shake him off."

Again he struck the machine several times, and fled from his home, hatless, and without even a look at Rocco.

The boy stood transfixed with terror at first, then he ran to the door and called his father's name, but the night was chilly and dark, and silence was without. Rocco, stricken with fear, prayed aloud; not in passion, but calmly. He be-

seeched the Almighty to have pity on His children and send his father safely home again. The prayer relieved his over-wrought feelings and calmed him. He shut the door, and was about to

go back to his book when he noticed the heavy hammer lying on the most delicate part of the machinery. He had frequently watched his father at work, and knew considerable about the mechanism of the invention. So now he ran to it, threw the hammer aside and began an examination in the hope of repairing any damage the blows might have caused. Here a bolt had fallen out of its place; there a screw had become loosened; the oil-can had been upset and emptied of its contents; indeed, there was much for him to adjust, and he did it quickly and deftly, hoping his father would soon grow calm and return.

The boy was just putting the finishing touches to the machine when he suddenly felt a vibration under his hand. The room seemed to tremble, and the huge iron thing was in motion!

"It breathes, it lives!" he sobbed. "Oh, God, Thou hast heard my prayer. I give thanks to Thee on high! Father, father, come home!

His cry pierced the darkness to where Rosali wandered, half crazed by his despair, at the water's edge. The sound brought him back to his senses. He fairly flew to his house, and fell panting on the threshold.

"Rocco," he whispered, "are you there; what is wrong?"

"Wrong!" shrieked the now happy boy. "Nothing is wrong. See, father, your pet, your youngest child breathes, and will live to make your old age happy."

Supported by Rocco, Rosali stood before the working mechanism. He was perfectly sober now, and realized how it had all come about. The oil had lubricated the parts; the blows of the hammer had loosened and tightened the rivets just where it was necessary, and had put the final touches to the almost perfect machine. Rosali raised his voice in prayer and fervently thanked his Heavenly Father for His great mercy.

"Now we can journey to America, and live with Natali," he said, as he embraced Rocco.

The great factory owner was not long in seeing the advantages of Rosali's invention, and paid the inventor a handsome sum for its use.

PART II—THE ADOPTION

HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

PART II. THE ADOPTION.

THE trip across the Atlantic was very trying for our nine-year-old Natali, leaving, as she did, everybody and everything she loved in sunny Italy. The big ship tossed and rolled on the huge ocean, until the child, in the stuffy, crowded steerage wished she had remained at home with her father and Rocco, even at the risk of starving, rather than being thrown among strangers on an unknown sea.

Her religion stood her in good stead during the first gloomy days and brought her much comfort. The Rosali family had relinquished many of the more orthodox Jewish ceremonials, but conscientiously observed the holy days and Sabbaths. The parting injunction of the father to Natali had been: "No matter what happens, dear, put your trust in God. He has always been kind to Israel, and He will not forsake one of His children." Then he had blessed the girl and gave her a final embrace.

There were very many poor Jews on the ship, and as they were all quite religious, they formed

themselves into a congregation and conducted services on the Sabbath eve and morning.

Now, it happened that among the first cabin pas-

sengers there were a gentleman, his wife and child who were returning to their home after a pleasure

trip abroad. They, too, were Jews, and being the only ones on the upper deck who were of this faith, they asked permission to join the little congregation in prayer. Here it was that they first saw Natali, and it was small wonder that they were attracted by the dark-skinned, curly-headed, blue-eyed, pretty child. She seemed about the age of their own little girl, only so sad and thin and poor.

After the services, Jennie (that was the name of the other little girl) whispered to her mother: "Please, may I speak to her? I want to ask her where she is going, and where she comes from. I wonder whether that cross-looking woman is her mother?"

Mrs. Myers gave consent, saying:

"You may speak to her, but do not be too inquisitive."

Jennie knew sufficient Italian to make herself understood by Natali, and before many minutes had passed the two children were chatting cozily together. Natali only too gladly told her willing listener all she wanted to know. With tears in her eyes she recounted the deaths of her darling mother and sister, and told of the sad misfortunes

of her father, ending: "Please God, it will all turn out well in the end, but the way seems so dark."

"Who is she?" asked Jennie, indicating Natali's chaperone.

"She is our neighbor from Italy, who promised papa she would be kind to me and take care of me; but"—and here Natali lowered her voice to a whisper—"She isn't anything like my dear mother. She scolds me all the time when I'm sad, and sometimes I feel afraid of her."

Jennie put her arms around her unhappy companion.

"Don't cry," she said, "she may be all right when you get settled in your new home. By the way, where are you going to live?"

"We have no home. Mr. Basso—that's her husband—will try New York first, and if he cannot make a living there we will go out West somewhere."

"New York is my home," said the impulsive Jennie, "And I'm going to write my address on a card for you. If you ever need a friend come to see me and I'll help you."

Further conversation was cut short by her parents summoning her to dinner. They, too, were interested in Natali's story, and indorsed Jennie's decision to assist the forlorn Italian girl.

What a great place New York is, and how wonderful it seems to a foreigner!

Natali was at first consumed with curiosity to see everything and to know all the whys and wherefores of this new world; but soon she became very homesick, especially as her care-takers were cross and unreasonable with her. Was it her fault that she did not understand the English language? Could she help it that the Bassos met with disappointments at every turn? They knew that she had barely enough money to see her across the ocean, but they had promised her father that she should be as their daughter and enjoy the little they had with them.

On these conditions Rosali had let Natali accompany them, assuring his neighbors that he would pay back their kindness with interest when his great invention succeeded.

But alas! Promises are not always kept sacred, and the Bassos gave vent to their disappointments in their treatment of poor Natali.

Natali had frequently thought of Jennie and longed to tell her troubles to this sympathetic friend, the only one she had in all America. Every day she sighed, "Maybe they'll be kinder to me to-morrow and I'd rather not bother Jennie

with my grief," but the morrow was always worse than the preceding day, until finally she determined to call on the Myers. When she went to the box to look for the card which contained Jennie's address, she could not find it, and her heart sank with grief. It must have been lost in moving.

Before she had been three months in New York she was standing at a street corner selling papers. School had to be neglected, scoldings and angry looks were her portion when she failed to bring home a certain number of pennies from her day's selling.

"Why should we feed you for nothing?" the Bassos would say to her. "You eat more than we do together, and your bed is worth something, I should think."

"But," feebly protested Natali, "Papa expects to pay you back. See, he says so in this very letter."

"I would'nt give that for your father's invention," sneered Mr. Basso, snapping his thumb and forefinger. "He is a dreamer."

"Yes," chuckled Mrs. Basso, "Only he sleeps his time away a-dreaming in the day time, while others work."

Natali's face flushed as she answered, "Please

do not say unkind things of my dear father. I'll not listen," and she flew to her little room to pour out her sorrow in a long heart-breaking letter to that father who stood in his far-away home half crazed, working over his invention.

One day while standing at an up-town street corner, shouting "Extra! All about the great fire!", Natali heard a familiar voice call her name, and on looking around she saw Jennie. As on the previous occasion she made this friend of her ocean voyage her confidant, and the two mingled their tears over Natali's tribulations.

"Why did you not come to see me?" asked Jennie. "You promised to look me up in case you needed assistance."

Then Natali told of her search for the card, how it had been lost, and of her desolate feeling when she could not find it. "From that moment," she said, "I made up my mind that I had my own life to fight for and you see how I am doing it."

"Well I must say you're plucky; but now that I have found you I mean to keep my eye on you. Where do you live?"

Natali gave her street and number, and after a little more conversation parted from Jennie.

It was not difficult to interest Mrs. Myers in Natali's welfare. She was glad to see Jennie anxious to help one less fortunate than herself, so she encouraged her to plan for Natali's good.

"I think it is a shame for her, a timid girl, to have to sell papers like any little street boy," she said to her mother.

"It is no disgrace to work for a living," answered Mrs. Myers.

"No, indeed," said Jennie; "but there are other ways. I say, mother, couldn't you find some nice work for her after school hours? I'm sure she cannot make more than twenty-five cents a day selling papers."

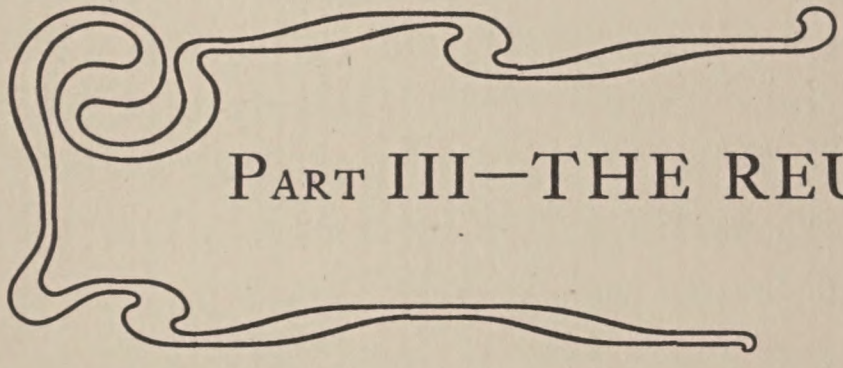
"I was thinking that if the Bassos will give her up she could room next to Ellen, and perhaps assist Ellen with the dishes after dinner and run errands."

"Oh, mother, you are a darling," cried Jennie, hugging her mother. "I'm sure she will be glad to come, and I'll be happy to have her. I'll help her with her lessons, and I'll teach her to mend her clothes, and I'll fix up her room, and I'll—"

"Not so fast, pet. There are others to consider besides ourselves," said the mother. "To-morrow is the Sabbath. After service we will call

on the Basso family and hear what they have to say to all this."

The Basso family lived in a dingy house in a dingy court of a dingy street, not so very far away from Jennie's home. The little money they had brought with them was fast being eaten up by the unhappy pair and the still unhappier Natali. All Mr. Basso's attempts at finding work proved fruitless. Even his peddling was unsuccessful. Luck certainly seemed against him. Natali proved a burden to the Bassos (according to their code) instead of a blessing, so that when Mrs. Myers and Jennie presented themselves at the wretched abode, and offered to relieve them of the child, they speedily acquiesced. A small bundle containing Natali's meagre belongings was soon tied together, and Natali, with a lighter heart than she had known since her mother's death, accompanied her friends to their home.



PART III—THE REUNION

HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

PART III. THE REUNION.

TO the child it seemed like fairyland to live at the Myers' home, after her many privations and trials. Everything was so dainty and pretty and clean and new. Her little room was as cozy and bright as Jennie's deft fingers could make it. Jennie's time had been very limited, as barely a day had passed since she had conceived the idea of having Natali live at her house, but "where there's a will there's a way," she sang, and ran merrily from room to room, taking a picture from one, an ornament from another. Here she found a spare cushion, and there an unused rocker.

Fortunately her mother had several pairs of curtains in reserve, and one of these, white with pink roses scattered over them, to match the wall-paper, was tacked to the window in the little room adjoining Ellen's. Nothing had been forgotten. In one corner stood a little table, on which Jennie had placed an Italian history, several children's magazines and plenty of pens, ink and stationery.

Thoughtful Jennie! Happy Natali! Is it a wonder that when the latter's father and Rocco received the letter written that night in the homelike little room they wept tears of joy for their darling's sake.

Natali was not the kind of girl to accept without giving in return. She knew her progress in school would please her benefactors, so she devoted herself diligently to her studies. After school hours she assisted Ellen, who from the start had taken kindly to the little one. She relieved this old servant of many a task, especially when "rheumatiz" crippled her joints and made her walk lame.

Mr. Myers was the owner of a large yarn mill. From Natali he learned of her father's efforts toward perfecting his inventions, and he placed himself in communication with Mr. Rosali, asking him to accept a position in his mill, and eventually become the foreman, if the work was in his line and to his taste. "My present foreman leaves me in a few months, and I will want someone who thoroughly understands machinery to be at the head of affairs. I have not mentioned my plan to Natali, as I wish your coming to be a complete surprise to her." Mr. Rosali answered that he

had such faith in his invention that for the present he would stick to it, although he and Rocco were in very much straitened circumstances.

"When I succeed," he wrote, "which I pray to God will be in the near future, I will sell my invention, come to America, and try to make myself of service to you to repay you in a measure for your extreme kindness to my little Natali. I thank God every day for placing her in your hands. Your wife must be an angel of goodness, and Jennie—God bless her for her sympathy towards my motherless baby. My heart is too full for utterance. "ROSALI."

About three months had passed since Natali had taken up her abode with the Myers's. What happy times she and Jennie had together. They romped and played, studied and sewed, talked and prayed together, and each imbibed the other's best qualities. Here Natali was surrounded by the true Jewish spirit, and she developed like a well-sunned and watered plant.

The summer was drawing to a close when a letter came from Rosali. Such a letter! It was full of his great invention; of its success and of its sale. Rocco came in for a great share of the praise, for the happy father was bubbling over

with joy. "As soon as we can adjust matters," he wrote privately to Mr. Myers, "we will set sail for your friendly shore. My only regret is leaving my two graves, but the anticipation of embracing Natali banishes all grief. We hope to arrive about the middle of September; please God it may be before Rosh Hashana, so that we may all begin the new year in a truly fitting manner. Will my darling be surprised? God bless her! God bless you all! ROSALI."

The coming Rosh Hashana was the all-absorbing topic in the Myers household. Jennie and Natali were busy penning congratulatory letters full of promises and hopes. Natali's to her father and Rocco had been sent two weeks before the holy days to make sure that the lonely ones in Italy would receive it in time. Little did the child dream that the ship bearing the letter to Italy and the steamer bearing Rosali and Rocco to her had passed each other in mid-ocean.

Besides the letter she had made a little piece of handiwork for each of the two dear ones, but Mr. Myers wisely put them aside instead of mailing them. She had a trifle for Mr. and Mrs. Myers, as did Jennie, and trouble enough did these two have in keeping their doings secret.

At last came the day (it was the twentieth of September) before Rosh Hashana. The arrival of a telegram from the steamship company did not mean anything to the two little girls who were busy decorating the dining room and library with flowers, but it meant much to the father and mother, who had been eagerly watching the state of the weather during the past ten days, hoping that the ship would arrive before the twenty-first.

As Mr. Myers left the house he winked at his wife and said: "Mother, I may bring home some guests this evening. Have a company supper and prepare the guest chamber."

"Why, father?" said Jennie, "to-night is the eve of New Year; we are going to have a dinner which will be fine, judging by the delicious looking cakes mother has been baking."

"I'll fix up the spare-room," cried Natali, running to suit the action to the word.

Soon the two were dusting and tidying until everything shone. Here, too, a great bunch of garden flowers was placed, making the room look bright and cheerful.

Four o'clock struck on this eventful day, when the front door bell rang. Natali ran to open the door. Mr. Myers was in the library. He had

just come home and knew who stood without. Mrs. Myers peeped from the dining-room, and

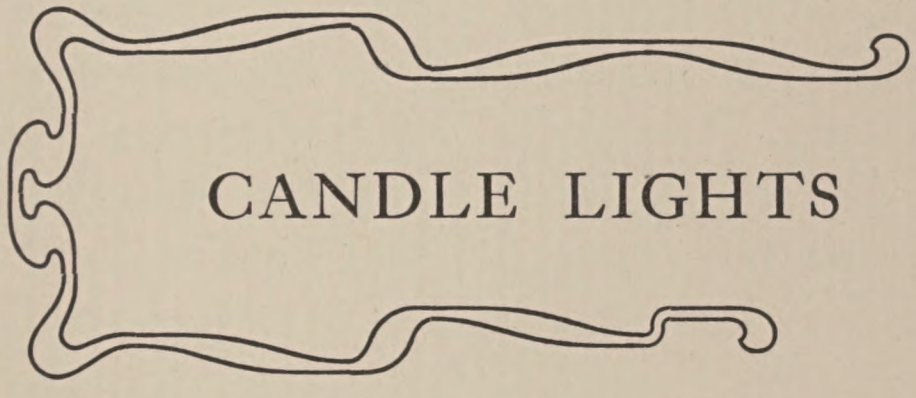
Jennie, who was by this time in the great secret, watched from the study.

What they saw was a tall, thin man, and a handsome Italian boy swoop down on the little girl in the hallway and almost smother her with their embraces. What they heard was:

"Oh! Oh! Oh! Father! Rocco! Natali! My darling! Sister!" Then they heard laughter and sobs and kisses.

"Happy New Year! Happy New Year!" passed from mouth to mouth that evening after service, and indeed, it was the beginning of a happy New Year and a happy life for the Rosalis.

Jennie regretted Natali's leaving her, but Mr. Rosali was anxious to settle in his own home, which was located very near to that of the Myers. He gladly brought his modern mechanical ideas into Mr. Myers's mill, and by so doing doubled the earnings of the owner. He says he can never wholly repay the family for their kindness to Natali, but the child's rosy cheeks, sparkling eyes and joyous heart are sufficient recompense to them.



CANDLE LIGHTS

CANDLE LIGHTS.

SAM ROSEN was playing in the large garden in front of his home one warm spring day. Rex, the dog, was his only companion, and the two were having a jolly romp on the green. Sam, a boy of five, was an only child, and Mr. and Mrs. Rosen's affections were wrapped up in this bright lad. He had all the advantages that riches could provide. His home was in a beautiful suburb of the city of New York, and his toys were many and varied. But best of all he liked his Rex, as he was wont to call the large Newfoundland dog.

Wearied with romping, Sam seated himself on the porch step, and picking up a stone he called to his dog, "Here, Rex, run for it," throwing the stone far over his head. Rex ran like wild around the right side of the house, and as he did so an ugly looking, poorly dressed man sprang from the other side, hastily threw a cloth over Sam's head, and before the boy knew what was happening, carried him away.

The ugly deed was done more quickly than it can be told, and poor Sam was far from the reach

of Rex or any other loving friend by the time the faithful dog returned. Thinking that the child was playing a trick on him, Rex growled, and lay down to rest. The afternoon sun was warm, and the dog dozed.

Mrs. Rosen sat in her bed-room writing a letter. She had much to say to her cousin, particularly about Sam. He occupied very much of her thoughts and time. She wrote: "Just now he is having a fine time playing on the lawn with his old friend, the dog," when it occurred to her that she had heard no sound from the lawn for some time past. She went to the front window, thinking that she would surprise the two napping, but saw only Rex.

"Sam," she called. "Sam, where are you?"

Rex sprang up and barked.

"Rex, where is Sam?" she asked.

Rex sprang to the right and to the left, and came back wagging his tail in disapproval. Sam was not in sight.

Mrs. Rosen became alarmed. She called the servants, and a thorough search, first of the house, then of the grounds, was made, but Sam was too far away by this time to hear their cries. His abductor kept him closely muffled until they were a

mile away, and then threatened him with instant death if he dared make a noise. The child was almost sick with fright.

"Please take me back to my papa and mamma," he pleaded. "If you do I'll give you all my toys," and the tears flowed afresh.

"You little fool, I don't want your toys. I want you or the money that will pay for you. Do you think I stole you for fun? Oh, no; I mean to make heaps of gold out of you, one way or another. If your father don't buy you back, your pretty face will bring me in some pennies," and the ugly man laughed a wicked laugh.

Mr. Rosen offered a large reward for the return of Sam, but fear of arrest kept Sam's abductor from giving back the boy. Sam was kept in close confinement for a long time, and when finally the man became a prey to fear and resolved to leave the country with Sam, the child, whose hair had grown quite long, was dressed as a girl. This and his thinness and pallor made him unrecognizable. A hard life he led with his ugly companion. They traveled from one place to another. Sometimes Sam danced, at other times he sang on the street and in public places, until his sad face and pathetic voice would bring in money from the crowd of

lookers on. If the collections at the end of the day were good, Sam would get a good supper; if otherwise, Sam was treated to blows, and sent supperless to bed.

Months and years passed in this way. Sam was thirteen and no longer a child at heart. Hardships and cruelty had made him desperate, and finally he resolved to take matters into his own hands, and escape from his tormentor. He was a different person from the bright child who had been taken away from his parents' home eight years before. His name had been changed to Salam. He forgot his last name; forgot where his home had been, and forgot his parents. Where then should he flee to now? "Anywhere," he thought, "even to death, to get away from this life. I am old enough to work, and I will work my way to some large city and find employment there or die."

Accordingly he watched every movement of his master, in the hope of a chance of escape, until at last the opportunity came, and Salam as we must now call him, managed so well that he was on a freight train, speeding toward the East long before his cruel master missed him.

As often as he was put off of one train, he man-

aged to slip on to another unobserved, until the engine puffed out of the station, and then he was carried—where? He knew not, nor did he care, so long as he was free. On one train he made friends with the brakeman, and this worthy man, taking pity on Salam's pale, thin face and scantily clothed body, permitted him to sit close to the stove in the caboose until the train was almost at its destination.

"We are nearing New York now; you must get off here. Better go to your friends, boy," he said, good naturedly.

Alas for poor Salam, he had no friends. Where should he go on this cold December night? He left the car and walked through the dark. It mattered little to him where he went. The houses were lit up. From the parlor windows of one house a blaze of light shone out. How warm the persons must be inside of that house, he thought. He could hear children's laughter and song.

"I wonder whether I could get a cup of coffee over there," he thought. "I would feel better able to walk to the city if I had something to warm me. They have children, and they might give me something out of pity." He crossed, walked up to the porch and rang the bell. The door was

opened by the master of the house. A flood of light greeted Salam.

"I'm so cold. Won't you let me have a cup of coffee?"

"Here, mother, is a customer for you," said the man, drawing the shivering, bashful boy inside and shutting the door.

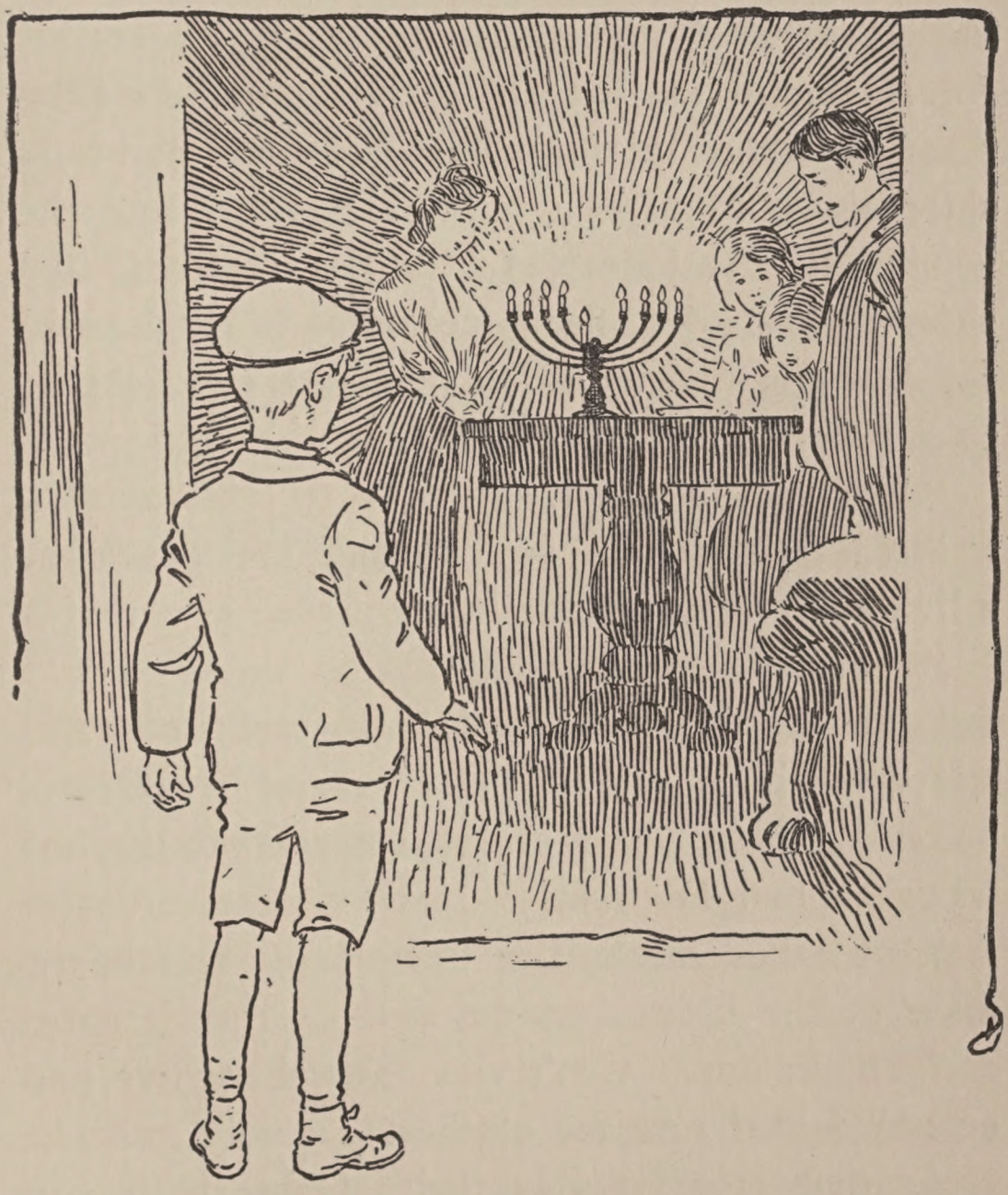
Two little children ran from the lighted parlor to see the intruder. The mother took a chair into the hall and bade the boy be seated. Then she rang for some supper for this hungry child.

"How sad he looks," she said to her husband. "Come, children, we will go on with our song. Perhaps it will cheer our little visitor."

Salam sat opposite the parlor door. What were these lights he saw burning on the centre table?

The children, led by the father and mother, sat around the lighted candles, and sang the quaint song of Maoz Zur. The warmth of the fire, the glare of the lights and the tune of the song bewildered Salam. Where was he, and where had he heard that song before? He surely must be dreaming! No, he knew the tune and the words. Why, he could say them. They were all familiar to him. And the candles—yes, he had seen them, too, before. But where and when?

Mr. and Mrs. Rosen seemed drawn to this poor, homeless lad, so they questioned him.



"Are you a Jew?" asked Mr. Rosen.

"I don't know what I am. Master never went

to church. But I remember burning candles and singing these songs when I was a very little boy."

Mrs. Rosen, who was always thinking of her darling Sam who had been stolen eight years before, paled as she listened to her husband's questions and heard the boy's answers. She had long since given up hope of finding her son, and the coming of the babies, Julius and Rebecca, had softened her grief; but her mother heart yearned for her absent one, and nightly she prayed God to protect the homeless.

"Who is your master?"

"A big man, who made me sing and dance for a living."

"Have you no parents?"

"He said they were dead," answered Salam.

"What is your name, boy?" asked Mr. Rosen, becoming more and more convinced that the boy was their long-lost son.

"He called me Salam. His name was Meredith."

"Think, boy. Can't you remember your parents?" said the excited mother.

At that moment Rex, quite feeble with age, walked into the room.

"Down, Rex," shouted little Julius.

"Rex! Rex! My Rex," said Salam, and the

boy knelt beside the dog and stroked his shiny fur.

Rex sprang up with delight. He frolicked around the boy, licking his hands and face.

"Rex, tell us, is it Sam, our own Sam, come back?"

Rex barked loud and long.

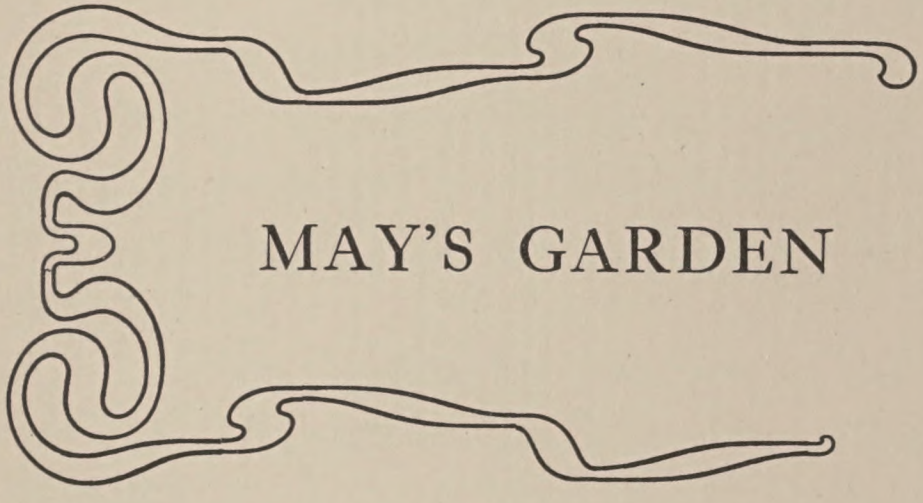
Salam, or Sam, looked around in a dazed way. Gradually the parlor, lit by the Hanucca lights, became familiar to him. Waves of memory swept through his brain, and things long forgotten throughout the miserable years came back to him with a rush.

"Mother!" he cried, and his arms were about the woman's neck. "My darling mother!"

Mr. Rosen led the fainting mother to a chair. But joy never kills, and Mrs. Rosen soon opened her eyes to find her Sam kneeling beside her. Rebecca and Julius had to be introduced to their new, or rather old, brother.

Sam told his story, the beginning of which was as clear to him now as the ending. And what an ending it was.

The Hanucca lights were almost burned out by this time. Sam asked to have the Hanucca song sung once again, adding that it was the Hanucca lights that shone out their welcome to him and brought him back to his home and God.


MAY'S GARDEN

MAY'S GARDEN.

"WHAT a harvest this has been," said Mr. Samson to his wife shortly before Succoth. "The melons are the finest I have ever raised, and the pumpkins are enormous. I shouldn't wonder if they took the prize at the State Fair."

"What a beautiful Succah we will have," said his wife, proudly; "and think of the rich harvest the neighboring poor will have after our Succoth is over."

"I know to whom the products of my garden are going," chimed in little May, their only daughter.

"I'm sure my pet has selected a worthy cause," said papa with an approving smile.

"Indeed he is. He is a little Russian boy who came over last summer, and who is living with the Leninks. He is very sick and seems so poor and lonely."

Mr. Samson was a wealthy farmer in the county of M—, and unlike many land owners, he and his wife and child were beloved by all their tenants. To be sure, a goodly part of the crops was sent to

the market and yielded a rich return, but many of the cereals and fruits were distributed in the village, and many a blessing was pronounced on these benefactors of the poor.

Little May had her own garden, in which she planted all sorts of vegetables and fruits. Her delight was unbounded when she saw the little green sprouts peeping out of the ground, for she knew they would gladden the heart of some child, after they were fully developed and ready for picking.

The products of her miniature farm were always reserved for a poor, sick child. She made it her duty to find out the most destitute case, and like a beneficent fairy she would take the fruits to the bedside and deliver them in person.

This year her choice fell on Samuel Ralinsky. He was a poor Russian boy who had come to America to seek his fortune. May learned his history from the grocer's wife, Mrs. Leninks.

"I'm afraid he is going to be a burden to us," the latter had said complainingly one day, as the maiden came to make a purchase. "He is so bashful, and so delicate, and so awkward."

"Then why did you have him leave his parents? I should'nt think a bashful boy would care to cross the ocean alone," replied the child.

"Ach! What a question. Why did we leave him come? He came and was here before we knew anything about it. His mother and I were school friends many years ago. She wrote me last Pesach, asking me to befriend her Samuel, as, on account of poverty and persecution he had to leave Russia. For old friendship's sake Mr. Leninks and I wrote and told her to send the boy. We thought he could help us in our store; but it seems that the in-door life is too much for him, and now we have the expense of having the 'Shlemiel' sick on our hands."

The Succoth came, and the whole Jewish population of the village was invited to attend services in the Samsons' Succah, nor did any one leave empty-handed. May distributed the food, and as she flitted in and out of the crowd she looked like an angel dispensing charity. But the one little corner of the hut, in which hung her gardenings, she left untouched until she was alone with her parents.

"Mother, will you help me pack this basket, and will you go with me to Leninks to-morrow to see Samuel? I am so sorry for the boy; he must be lonesome to be among strangers, especially on holy days. He is so far away from his parents!" and with loving arms around her parent's neck she told Samuel's story.

When the two visited the boy next day they found a bright-eyed, pale lad of thirteen years, lying on the bed. Mrs. Samson's mother-heart warmed toward him in his loneliness, and as she

heard the story of his wretched life in Russia, sympathetic tears streamed from her eyes, and she determined to speak to her husband in his behalf. "What he needs is fresh air, out-of-door work and

nourishing food, and he shall have it, too," she thought.

Samuel's joy at receiving the Succoth basket more than repaid May for her summer's gardening.

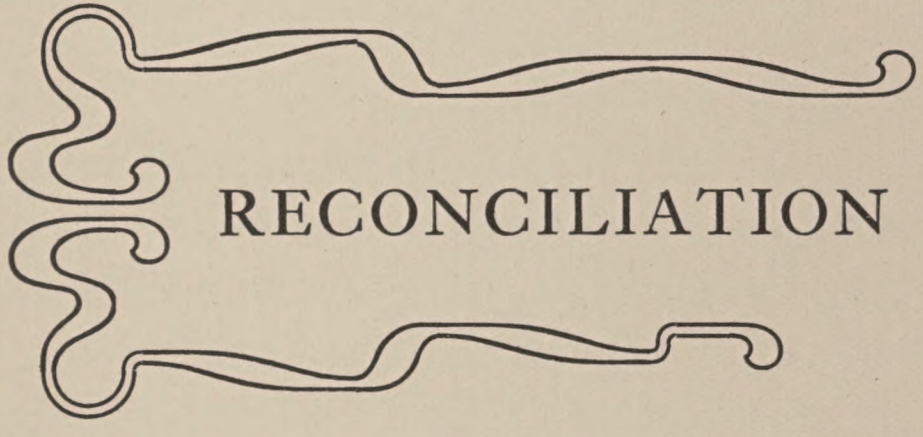
With the Leninks' consent, about a week later the Russian boy began work on Mr. Samson's farm. Arrangements were made that Samuel should board with the grocer, for which Mr. Samson would pay a good rate, and as the boy advanced in usefulness his earnings would increase accordingly. Much to every one's surprise, the boy showed an aptitude for farming, and before long Mr. Samson, besides paying his board, allowed him pocket money and opened a small account in the savings fund.

Samuel learned to love his master and his wife, but he always called May his real benefactor, and as he grew into manhood he attributed all his good qualities to May's noble influences.

Many Succoths came and went, and the Samsons, with Samuel, now their superintendent, prospered. To the latter the Succoth was always the most beloved of the festivals, as it had been the beginning of his real life.

It was on Succoth some ten years after his com-

ing to America that he had his parents cross the ocean to live in the pretty little cottage he had earned for them, and on Succoth fifteen years after his introduction to May, he was married to her in the pretty little corner of the Succah, decorated by May's own hands, with the fruits of her own gardening.


RECONCILIATION

RECONCILIATION.

SOMETIMES trifling incidents bring about the worst results, as was the case with the two Cahin families, about which I am going to tell you. Miriam and Lena were first cousins; born in the same year, and destined by their parents to be chums through life. The first six years of their short existences passed peacefully and happily for these young companions. The parents took houses adjacent to one another in the suburbs; the gate between the two gardens was taken off, and the large and the little folks enjoyed each other's society to the full.

But when the children entered upon their school careers at the early age of seven, Miriam was found to be slow and dreamy, while Lena was bright, active, and a pride to her parents.

"Come, Miriam," her mother would often say; "try to put your mind on your work. You'll never get along like Lena. I wish you were not so dreamy"; or, "You are so slow, Miriam, why don't you hurry like Lena; she is a comfort to her parents"; or—but why enumerate the many conflicts poor Miriam had to encounter. At first the

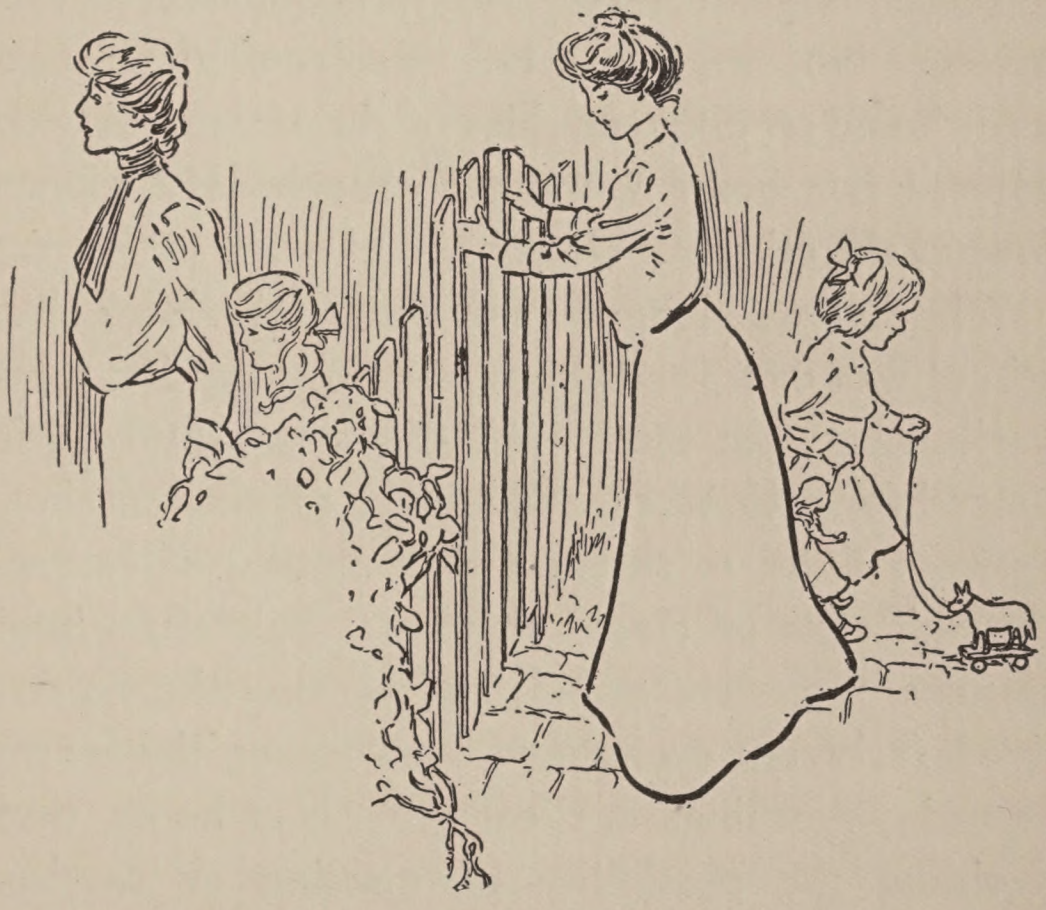
child meekly said, "I'll try to be like my cousin, mamma," and she did try; but her mind would wander to the woods near her home, where she loved to roam, listening to the song of the birds, the hum of the insects, or the gurgling of the brook; and again that day in school she failed in her spelling lesson, and put down the wrong answer for the sum on her slate. By and by, as the season advanced, she resented these attacks, and disliked to hear Lena praised, and she secretly wished she did not live so near to her cousin, or that she had been born a different kind of little girl.

Lena was quite unconscious of her superiority at the beginning of the school term, but as she heard, through the garden gate, Mrs. Cahin chide her daughter, she soon realized that she was the model after whom Miriam should pattern; and without wanting to, she presumed to suggest, and then to dictate, modes of action to the slow, dreamy child, which only embittered Miriam the more against her cousin and supposed-to-be chum.

One day, in the course of conversation between the two mothers, as they sat together sewing and chatting, Lena's mother said: "What a pity it is that Miriam is so slow in school. I had hoped

for great things from her, but the results of her first year show which way the wind blows. She must be a terrible disappointment to you."

Now it was well enough for Miriam's mother to find fault with her daughter herself, but she could



not countenance any criticism from another, even though that other was a relative and close friend. Words followed. Lena's mother took a hasty leave, and the end of June saw these two intimate families "on the outs" with each other and the wooden gate replaced between the two gardens.

It was the last day of the school term. All the girls of Miss Beecher's select school kissed one another adieu for the summer, all except Miriam and Lena. But then, "Why should they kiss—they, of course, would be together constantly during the long vacation," so thought their classmates. Not so, however. Each of these two went home on different sides of the street and each entered her home without so much as a glance toward the other.

Oh, the long, long days of summer! Now that school was over, and there was no cause for comparison between their work, these two little girls longed for each other, and many a glance was shot, between sighs, to the next door house; of course, through slats of closed shutters. Sabbath school sessions, too, were ended; and because the Cahins lived far from synagogue, they spent the warm Saturday mornings in silent prayers at home, thus avoiding the possibility of meeting at service. Miriam's mother would not confess, even to her husband, how she missed Lena's mother's companionship more and more as the days wore on; and the same longing filled the heart of Lena's mother. But each was too proud to acknowledge it to the other, and September was at hand, and

still the wooden gate was tightly closed; aye, even locked, and no one seemed to care whether the key was lost or not.

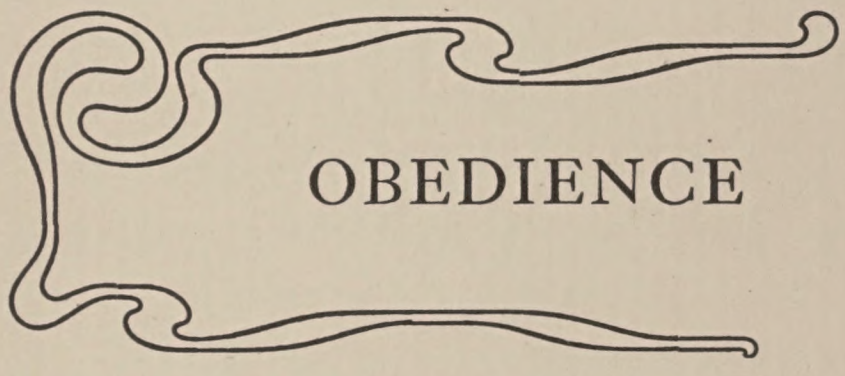
Rosh Hashana dawned cool and clear about the middle of the month, and all good Jews hastened to the synagogue. The Cahins had seats next to each other, and this was their first real meeting since the quarrel. As all eyes looked toward the rabbi, who stood at the altar, it was not difficult for foe to avoid facing foe; but as the rabbi's clear words of admonition rang out to his congregation, the Cahins could scarcely help thinking that he was addressing himself directly to them.

"If you have done aught against your neighbor, in word or deed, now is the time to make peace. Let your hands clasp in warm friendship while wishing your enemy a Happy New Year, and let your heart seal the amen to the vows of brotherhood you utter in this sacred edifice."

Was it accident that Lena's eyes caught Miriam's as they rose to receive the benediction? It may have been, but the smile of recognition and good feeling was spontaneous and hearty.

The choir was singing the final hymn, when Miriam's mamma dropped her handkerchief. Simultaneously she and Lena's mother stooped to

pick it up. Their hands clasped, their eyes gazed on one another and their lips put the finishing touch to a renewed friendship, which on that Rosh Hashana was formed, and which on account of increased wisdom through experience, lasted forever.



OBEDIENCE

OBEDIENCE.

MRS. MOSS was escorting her daughter, Essie, to her sister's home, where the little miss was to spend the next ten days, while papa and mamma took a trip to New York to celebrate Rosh Hashana with the grandparents.

"Were it not for school we would take you with us; but you have already missed too much in that direction. I hope you will be a little lady and obey Aunt Ray as you would me. Can I trust you to do what is right?"

"Indeed you can, mother; I'll be very good."

After many tender farewells, Essie was left in her aunt's charge, and Mr. and Mrs. Moss departed for their vacation, expecting to be back shortly after Rosh Hoshana.

Aunt Ray had an only son, Edwin, who was Essie's age, and with whom Essie was quite chummy. Naturally, therefore, her grief at being separated from her parents was lessened by the prospect of living in the same house with him.

Such fun as they had, romping and playing, studying and working together. Aunt Ray was

very fond of her sister's child, and made much of the little girl at the risk of spoiling her. Extra cookies were baked to be eaten at recess, the jams were made especially sweet to satisfy the little lady, and the stock of candies seemed inexhaustible. One restriction Aunt Ray made, however, namely, to avoid possible attacks of indigestion, the children should never help themselves to any of these dainties.

The first days passed quickly and uneventfully. Essie spoke much of her mother, tried to keep her promises to be good, and dutifully wrote a postal card every day, telling of her doings. But the day before the beginning of Rosh Hoshana, Sunday, dawned dark and rainy, and the children's out-of-door fun was marred. It was a very long day for them, especially as Aunt Ray had been called to the bed-side of a sick friend.

After she had gone out Essie said to Edwin: "Let's write New Year's letters, Ed. You write to your parents and I'll write to mine."

No sooner said than done. Essie's note was full of promises of obedience, good resolutions and love. After carefully addressing the letter she gave it to Ellen to mail, and then looked about for some new occupation.

"Dear me, what a poky day! I wish I had my big doll," she complained. "Say, Ed, can't you suggest something to do?"

"Let's go and coax Ellen to tell us a story," he cried, and with a whoop the children bounded to the kitchen. Ellen had gone upstairs to dress for the afternoon. The disappointed children were about to go after her, when in passing through the dining room, Essie's glance fell upon a jar of jam, which stood on the sideboard.

"I'm awfully hungry, are you, Ed?" she queried, longingly eying the sweets.

"Not so very. When mamma comes home I'll ask her to give us some cake. Come up to Ellen's room," said the boy, suiting the action to the word.

Essie heard him run upstairs, but she made no attempt to follow. The open jam jar fascinated her, and she was seized with a strong desire to eat of its contents.

"Just a little," whispered the tempter from within the jar.

"Aunt Ray said we were not to help ourselves, and she must be obeyed," thought Essie, who was by this time close to the sideboard.

"No one would miss a little taste," urged the jam; "and I smell so sweet and you are so hungry."

Everything was so inviting. The spoon-holder stood next to the jam, and to put a spoon in and to eat a mouthful was the work of a second.

"Just a little more," urged the jam, and Essie ate another spoonful. It is difficult to say just how much she would have devoured, had she not

heard Edwin's call in the hall: "Essie, Essie! Where are you?" and bursting into the dining-room he said:

"Ellen's coming down now. She is going to tell us a true soldier story. Won't it be fun? Her brother is a soldier in Ireland, so she knows all about them."

His own excitement prevented him from noticing Essie's confusion, and he had all the fun of the story to himself, as Essie was too busy planning how to tell Aunt Ray of her disobedience, to listen to a word of what Ellen was saying.

Shortly before supper, Aunt Ray came home, and as was her wont she questioned Ellen about the children.

"Were they good? Did they have anything to eat?" etc., etc., to which Ellen replied:

"In shure, mum, they were as good as little mice, and, och, mum, I forgot to give them the slice of cake you left for them."

Edwin ran to meet his mother, and gave her a wild greeting. Aunt Ray stooped over Essie, who was apparently reading a book, and kissed her. My, what a sticky kiss it was! Aunt Ray surmised the reason, but said nothing, wishing to let the child tell her story. On entering the din-

ing-room her suspicions were confirmed by seeing the spoon in the jam. After some conversation, she said:

"Tell me, children, how you spent your afternoon?"

Essie bgan to stammer, "It was awfully poky at first, and then we came down in the kitchen to see Ellen, and then—" and then if Edwin had not interrupted Essie would have confessed her guilt, but Edwin hurriedly said:

"But Ellen was not in the kitchen, so I fetched her down and she told us a dandy story."

"Ellen said she forgot to give you something to eat," said the aunt, looking hard at Essie.

"I was so hungry," began Essie, and was again about to tell on herself, when Edwin said:

"We'll eat it now instead, mother. The story was better than cakes and sugar candy."

"Ellen, kindly hand me the jam?" said Aunt Ray. Essie was afraid to raise her eyes.

"If I only had not disobeyed," the unhappy child thought, "I wish I was home with mamma," and as she thought of her mother her offense grew larger, and she was afraid to tell.

"The jam has grown less," said Aunt Ray. "Were you at it, Edwin?"

"No, mamma; you said we shouldn't help ourselves, and I didn't."

Aunt Ray continued: "Perhaps Fido,"—Essie felt relieved—"but the dog would not use a spoon, so that theory is impossible."

Essie's heart sank again.

"I guess Ellen was the culprit," said the aunt, with a smile at the servant.

Essie wanted to say "I did it, aunt, punish me and forgive me," but her heart was beating so fast that she was afraid to trust herself to speak.

What a pity! Oh, if only she had not disobeyed. All the fun of the evening was gone. She had only one thought, and that was her guilt. Every time Ellen spoke a pleasant word to her she felt like crying, for had she not allowed the crime to rest on the poor maid's head, when she alone was the offender. Her aunt's kindness cut her like a knife, for she did not deserve it. What would her own dear parents say if they knew? Poor Essie was more unhappy than she had ever been in her life.

Rosh Hoshana eve came and Essie still carried her burden in her heart, and with every minute the sin seemed to grow larger. She thought of the letter she had written to her parents, so full of

promises and love. The letter was an untruth now, for she had disobeyed, and, worse still, she was allowing someone else to suffer for her wrong.

Essie and Edwin accompanied Aunt Ray to the synagogue. Edwin was gay and happy, talking much of what he intended doing in the coming year, but Essie was silent and sad; her future looked gloomy. At the supper table she wished her uncle a Happy New Year, and big tears filled her eyes. Her aunt felt sorry for the little maid.

"Shall I help her to tell me the truth?" she was asking herself, when a ring at the door bell diverted her attention, and much surprise was expressed by all when Mr. and Mrs. Moss entered the dining-room. Mr. Moss explained their unexpected and early return by saying:

"You see we preferred to spend Rosh Hoshana with our little Essie, so here we are."

Essie rushed into her mother's arms, and bursting into tears she sobbed:

"Oh, mother, I do not deserve your love. I have been very naughty. I have deceived Aunt Ray and done Ellen a great wrong."

The mother tried to quiet the child, while Aunt Ray said:

"Your worst fault, Essie, was that you did not confess."

"I tried hard to, but I was afraid."

"A naughty child need only fear her own conscience. I knew you ate the jam, and so did Ellen."

"Who told you?" asked the astonished Essie.

"Your sticky mouth and your tell-tale eyes," laughed Aunt Ray.

She gladly forgave Essie, as did Ellen, the cook; but the child was still tearful and sad when her mother leaned over her in her little bed to kiss her good-night.

"A bright and happy New Year, daughter," she said.

"Oh, mother, if you forgive me it will be bright. This New Year's Eve has taught me a lesson how to be happy."

"And that lesson is?" asked Mrs. Moss.

"Obedience!"

HOME AGAIN

HOME AGAIN.

THE persecution and oppression of the Jews had been unusually severe in Russia that winter, and many a youth bade farewell to his home and parents to seek liberty and comfort on more hospitable foreign shores. Among the first to leave the province of R— was Jacob Sabinsky, a boy of fourteen, whose proud spirit and daring had led him into innumerable quarrels with his Gentile neighbors, and sad as his parents were to part from him, they felt that his life was in constant danger at home, and that in emigration lay the only prudent course.

Much good advice did the anxious father bestow on his son, and many a blessing did the tearful mother lovingly shower on her first-born, as they escorted him to the railway carriage; but no need to remind Jacob to keep his religious training in mind. Despite his youth, he was a pious Jew; having conscientiously imbibed the instructions of his parents and the wise old rabbi, who knew the Jewish law to the letter.

Eager as Jacob was to face the new world and

to work out his fortune, he was sad at leaving his dear ones, especially at this time, as the Pesach would soon be at hand, and this holy week, with its Seder, meant much to him.

"My son, shall we ever see you again?" sobbed the mother, as she gave Jacob a final embrace.

"If it is God's will," manfully replied the boy, striving to keep back his tears. "I mean to come back to you with honors."

"I feel that you will be spared to us for many Pesachs in the future," cheerfully spoke the father, to which the mother sighed "Amen."

Immediately on the arrival of Jacob in New York, he sought some friends of his parents, who had left R— a few years before, and with them he made his home. His first course was to devote himself to the study of the English language. Being bright and industrious he readily acquired it, and by this means soon secured a position as assistant shipping clerk in a large clothing house.

Every detail of his experience in this land of promise delighted his parents, who through Jacob's truthful letters, were kept informed of his doings.

Their letters to him were full of parental counsel, and many questions did they ask to which the boy was glad to be able to answer in the affirma-

tive. "Of course he attended Friday evening service." (His parents feared that working on the Sabbath was not to be avoided in America.) "Yes, he laid Tephillin every day." He religiously ushered in the Sabbath, observed all the holy days, and in all his doings he trusted himself to the protection of Providence.

To the boy in his new surroundings, time passed very rapidly. The months lengthened to years and Jacob ripened into manhood. About this time the Spanish-American War broke out, and the call for recruits sounded through the land. Jacob argued with himself—"Why should I not serve this country? Has it not given me a warm welcome, and a cordial invitation to make my home here? Have I not met with fairness from its inhabitants, and have I not been at liberty to follow my religion unmolested? My father, thank God, is doing well at home, and does not need the money I send him, and both he and mother would be proud of their son, if he won fame on the battlefield fighting for the honor of his adopted country." And thus it happened that Jacob Sabinsky's name was enrolled, and Jacob left friends and position to enter the ranks.

Like many of our soldier boys in the Spanish-

American War, he rose from private to corporal, from corporal to sergeant, from sergeant to—but here an accident occurred to our hero, and he was carried into the hospital and left there to die.

As his comrades were leaving him, to rejoin the regiment, he murmured his thanks, and sobbed his good-byes, and as his life's blood was ebbing away, he spoke of his dear ones in far-away Russia, and asked that the news of his death be broken to them.

But Jacob did not die. He was young, strong and full of vigor, and the wounds, which seemed so fatal, healed.

The spring of the year was again at hand and Pesach was the absorbing topic in the Sabinsky household. Letters from Jacob were rare in these days. However, the good parents did not complain; their faith was in God and His ways were just. This divine faith helped them to bravely receive the note written by Jacob's friend, telling of his heroic life and soldierly death. The epistle had been written in the summer, shortly after the decisive engagement in which Jacob had received his hurt, but it was carried from post to post and thus did not reach Russia till the week before Pesach. What a gloomy Pesach it would be.

Their dearly loved eldest son, their pride and their boast was dead. They would never see him again, never hear his cheerful voice or feel his tender embrace!

The week passed and Pesach eve had come. The Seder table was in readiness, and around the festive board sat the Sabinsky family. The father tried to steady his voice as he explained to the younger members the meaning of the Matzoth, the roasted egg, the lamb-bone, the bitter herb, and the Charoseth, but his eyes filled with tears as he thought of the absent son, who never again would occupy the vacant chair at the foot of the table. The mother was heart-broken, and try as she would to hide her feelings, she could not help sobbing aloud in her grief.

Rising from his place, Mr. Sabinsky put his arm affectionately about his wife and said, "Cheer up, wife, no tears on Seder night, the 'Night of Watch.' Do you not know that God ever keeps watch over his people and will never allow Israel to be destroyed by its enemies?"

At that moment a hasty knock was heard from without. Hannah, the youngest, a girl of twelve, answered the call and admitted a young man into the hall. In an instant the stranger had caught

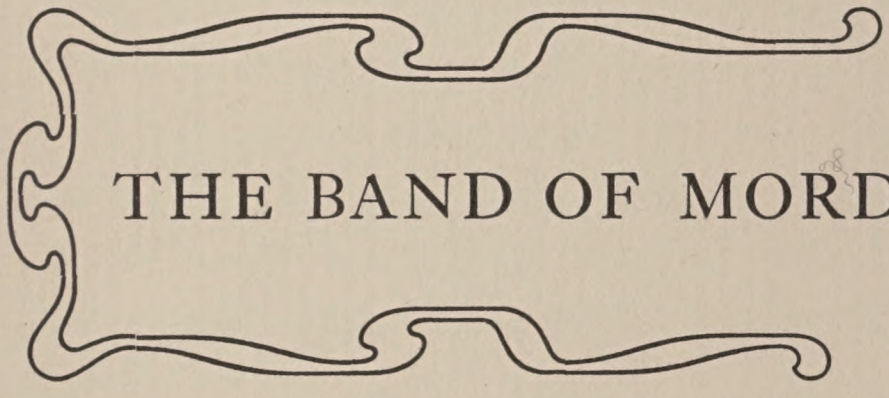
the girl in his arms and bestowed a hearty kiss on her rosy cheek.

Her scream brought the family on the scene, and for the next few minutes all was confusion and joy. The young man hugged and kissed each in turn and knelt to receive the blessings of his father.

"God has indeed been good to us," cried the thankful mother, as she raised her eyes to heaven.
"He has delivered Israel from the hands of the enemy," replied the happy father.

"Amen," said Jacob.

"And now, children, to the Seder table!" cried the delighted parents. Such a Seder, and such a Pesach as they had! There never was such another, nor did parents ever pray so fervently to the God of all, to Israel's God, for His gracious deliverance.



THE BAND OF MORDECAIS

THE BAND OF MORDECAIS.

IT was the Saturday before Purim. In the Sabbath school the rabbi was relating the story of the coming holiday. He told the children how this festival had been celebrated in olden times, and how even now, in orthodox synagogues, the children took an active part in the services.

"To express their contempt for Haman," the rabbi continued, "these children every time Haman's name is mentioned during the service stamp with their feet, shake little rattles or blow tin horns."

At the conclusion of the narrative he enlarged on the fact that there were still many Hamans in existence who were greatly to be feared. He said he hoped all the boys in his school would grow up like Mordecai, true to their faith; and that the girls would all be Esthers, ready to intercede for, and help their fellow-creatures.

School was over and the children, much impressed with what they had heard, prepared to go to their homes. Outside the building stood a group of rough boys, who came for the sole pur-

pose of poking fun at these little "Jew boys" as they called them.

"There they go, the Sheenies!" shouted one at the top of his voice.

"Yes, look at them, look at their noses, the Aarons and the Moses!" said another, at which the group laughed heartily.

"Look! look! there goes little Daniel! Let's make it warm for him. He ought to be used to heat by this time," said the biggest of the roughs, and they seized a little pale-faced boy and were about to throw him down when the Rabbi appeared on the scene and dispersed the crowd.

"I say, boys," said one of the Jewish schoolboys who had heard and seen what had just taken place, "these boys must be direct descendants of Haman, for they seem to hate us as much as did the Haman in the story we heard this morning. Our rabbi said that we could all be Mordecais, and I think this is our opportunity to stand up for our faith. Let's stick together and defend our rights."

Just then they were joined by a little girl who came from the opposite corner.

"I want to join your society. I want to be an Esther," she said.

"Pshaw, what can a little girl like you do?" said the speaker of the group.

"My name is Esther, and I want to be like the real Esther in the story. If you let me join I'll tell you what I heard just now. It is important for you to know if you're going to be Mordecais."

"Let her in," said one of the boys, "she may be of service to us. You know the real Mordecai had an Esther."

So it was settled. "Now, let's have your secret, Essie."

"Esther, if you please, Mr. Mordecai," said the little girl, drawing herself up with dignity. Then she told how, in passing the "bad, rough boys," she heard them say that they would settle with Daniel the next day; that they would not let a "Jew preacher" frighten them off.

"Now's our time to act, boys," said one of the anti-Hamanites.

"But what can we do against such a powerful enemy?" said another.

"Yes, they would wipe us out of existence in a jiffy," said a third.

"I wish I was a great big fellow, then I'd show them a thing or two," said the smallest of the band.

"I'll tell you what, boys—Mordecais, I mean," said Esther with a low bow, "Let's go to Frank Cleaver, he's so big and strong, and all the boys are afraid of him. We get our fruit and vegetables at his father's store, and I think he'd help us. We can make him our king, just like Ahasuerus in the Bible, and I'll go to intercede for my people."

Off walked Esther with the dignity of a queen. She found Frank Cleaver in his father's shop. Our heroine poured her tale of grief into his kingly ear. Frank knew that Essie's mamma was one of his father's best customers—and so promised to bring down vengeance on the heads that meant to harm.

"The cowards! They ought to be ashamed to want to hurt a little fellow like Daniel: in fact they have no right to touch any of you, and I'll tell them so. Go home to your people and tell them Frank has spoken."

Unlike the story of old, the Hamans were not hung, but they were threatened, yes threatened, by Frank Cleaver, and in this way.

He met the boys in the afternoon.

"I say, fellows what would you say, if some big men would come along and try to knock any of you down?"

"I'd say he was a bully and ought to be punished," said one.

"Yes, only a coward would attempt a game of that sort," said another.

"Boys and men ought to fight their own set and not take a mean advantage of a weaker person," said a third.

"Well," said Frank, "suppose a big boy tried to hurt our little Louis there," pointing to the youngest and smallest of the crowd, "what would you do to him?"

"Do!" said Jim, rolling up his sleeves and getting ready to illustrate his treatment. "I'd do him up so that he would not attempt it again."

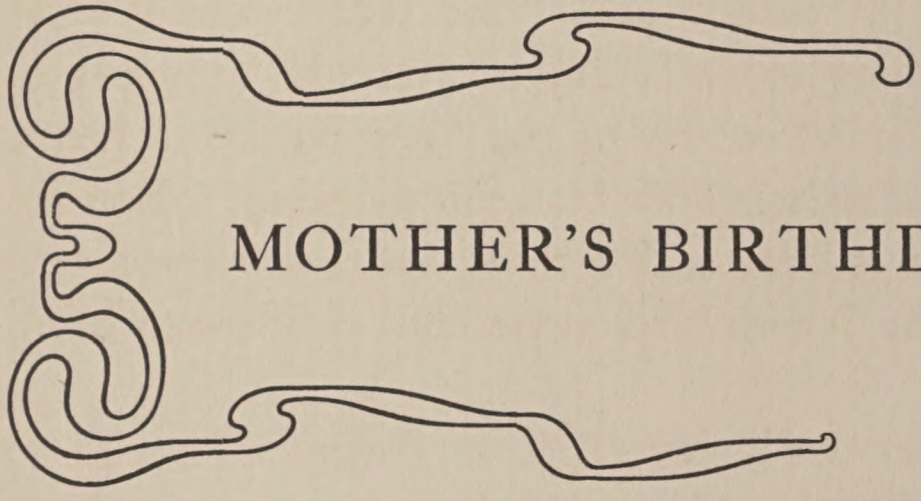
"Well," said Frank, "and that's exactly what I am going to do to any of you who attempts to touch Daniel or any of the 'Jew boys.' I heard you tried to hurt little Dan this morning. You are cowards to dare such a thing and I warn you now to let the Jewish boys alone until they try to harm you.

"Then we'll never get a chance. They're so peaceful."

"So much the better for you. Now remember my words, because I mean to keep my promise," said Frank, and away he walked with the importance of a real king.

This dire threat effectively settled all further trouble.

The band of Mordecais still exists, with Esther as their queen. They cling together for their religion, and prove themselves worthy the name by doing good wheresoever they can.



MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY

MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

HANUCCA that year was late in coming and to the members of the Solomon household it was particularly slow in coming. The season was always one of rejoicing with them, but this time it had an especial interest for each member of the family.

Mr. Solomon, as the president of the Home for Orphans, had arranged a Hanucca celebration, the like of which had never before been known in its history. Every moment that could be spared from his attention to his business was devoted to the interests of this institution, and in the press of his various duties he quite forgot an occasion in his own home which occurred at the same period. This occasion was his wife's birthday anniversary, which fell this year on the day before Hanucca.

Carrie, the oldest child, was at the head of a corps of teachers in the Sabbath school, and she, too, was busily occupied in the preparations and rehearsals of a lengthy program for the Hanucca entertainment. Much of the success of this affair depended on her, and as she was conscientious in all her undertakings, she entered into the spirit of

the coming entertainment with all her energy. Had she remembered her mother's birthday, some dainty piece of embroidery would have been ready for the happy day; but her zeal in the Sabbath school and its doings had entirely obliterated every other thought. Rosa, her youngest sister, was at the head of the confirmation class, and had been selected by the rabbi to write an original composition on the subject of Hanucca, which was to be recited at the children's service on that holiday. After her public school duties were finished, she sat at her desk in her bed-room and wrote and wrote, and she, too, forgot everything else excepting the subject that engrossed her thoughts.

Ben, though he was eleven years of age, was the baby of the family. He never was expected to remember anything. Carrie had many doubts as to his ability when she made him the central figure in the dialogue, which was to be a feature of her entertainment. He was proud of the part he was to play, and rehearsed so much that all else escaped his memory.

Thus it was that on the morning of the eve of Hanucca, the day before these eventful things were to happen, Mrs. Solomon received not one congratulation nor present.

The mother's feelings were hurt. She had foreseen the neglect, as no mention had been made by any one concerning the approach of her birthday, but she determined to keep silent until supper time, and then surprise the family by announcing the fact.

Ben was in high glee as the day advanced. He came home from school at noon, and ran to his room. "I will get my clothes ready for to-morrow," he thought, "so that I will surely be in time to accompany sister to the entertainment. I know she will leave early."

Ben's reputation for forgetfulness was owing, in a measure, to the fact that he made memoranda about things he wanted to remember. For instance, in order to remember birthdays, he kept a small calendar in his bureau drawer, with a pencil line drawn through the dates on which the birthdays of the various members of the family occurred. Now, as he turned his drawer topsy-turvey in looking for his white necktie, he came across this calendar. There was the month of December on the top, and a pencil line through the third of the month.

"Mother's birthday," came to him like a flash. "And it is to-day, and not one of us has thought

of it. What a shame! I know what I will do. I'll go out right now, and buy her a present with my week's allowance. I never forgot Mother's birthday before. It's all because my mind was so full of the part I'm going to play."

At this moment his sister Carrie came into the room to rehearse his words with him.

"I say, Carrie, to-day is mother's birthday, and not a soul has remembered it."

Carrie grew red with shame.

"We have all been so interested with our various schemes that we have forgotten the most important event in the year—darling mother's birthday. It is really too bad. I know she must feel hurt; but it is too late now to do anything."

"No, it is'nt," said Ben, "I've got an idea, if you and Rosa will go in with me. Let's decorate the supper table and surprise mother. You know 'all's well that ends well.'"

They immediately went in search of Rosa, and the three arranged to contribute what money they had to buy cakes, fruits and flowers for the table, and with what was left over a trifle was to be bought in each one's name, and placed on the mother's plate. Carrie was to attend to the purchasing, and, with Bridget's help, to fixing the

table, while the other two were in school that afternoon.

Ben felt like rushing up to his mother and throwing his arms around her and congratulating her, as was his wont; but he restrained himself, saying: "It will be all right this evening. 'All's well that ends well.'"

Evening came at last, bringing the father home. He kissed his wife and children as usual, but there was a merry twinkle in his eyes that was not generally there when he came home tired out from the cares of the day. Ben's excitement ran high as the supper hour drew near. To-morrow's entertainment was a minor consideration with him now. Every few minutes he ran down to the dining-room to take a peep at the table and each time came up with such a broad grin on his face that Carrie and Rosa shook their heads warningly at him.

At last the tinkle of the bell was heard. As they were descending the stairs, the mother said, "You have all been so much interested in your entertainments, and in bringing happiness to others, that not one of you had time to think of me. There has been a birthday in the house all day, and not a single one of you knew it."

Then Ben ran ahead, and threw open the dining-room doors, and waited to see what effect it would

have on his mother.

The room was ablaze with lights. In the center

of the table stood a large cake, ornamented with small candles. "Mother's birthday" was enscrolled in the center of it, and on counting the candles, afterwards, it was found that they just numbered the years of her age. All sorts of goodies and flowers were spread out before Mrs. Solomon's plate, and on the plate there were three small packages, presents from her children.

"Happy birthday!" shouted Ben, kissing his mother.

"And many, many more," said Rosa and Carrie, following Ben's example.

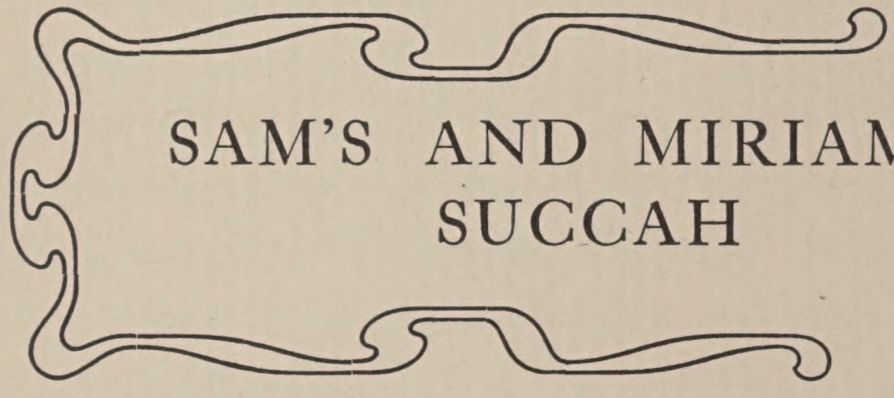
Mr. Solomon cleared his throat. Immediately all eyes were turned to him. Putting his hand deep down in his pocket, he drew forth a tiny box.

"Forgive me, dear Hannah, for forgetting to congratulate you this morning. As soon as I reached my office I thought of it, and have brought you this as a remembrance of the day." It was a handsome pearl pendant.

The mother's face beamed as she took her seat at the table. "This is a happy ending to a disappointing day," she said.

"Did'nt I tell you," cried Ben, "'All's well that ends well.'"

And so it was.



SAM'S AND MIRIAM'S SUCCAH

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IT was a proud and happy day for Sam when his mother took him to the Sabbath school for the first time. He had waited eagerly for his eighth birthday to come, for that was necessary before his hopes of going to the religious school could be realized, and now that he was fairly launched on the sea of Bible stories and ethics, he shared his knowledge with his sister, Miriam, who was only six years old.

Coming home from his class one day, he said: "Oh, sister, you must hurry up and be eight years old. You don't know what you're missing. The story was great to-day!"

Poor Miriam answered; "I'm trying to make the days pass as quickly as possible, but it seems as though I would never get old. Tell me the story, Sam. What was it about?"

"It was about the harvest festival which we celebrate this week. Succoth, it is called; and it is a holiday of joy and thanksgiving. Thousands of years ago," continued Sam, with much importance, "our forefathers, you know who they were

—Moses and the rest of them—lived in huts or booths, as they are called, in the wilderness."

Sam hoped his little sister understood him. He had had the big words explained to him in Sabbath school that day, but he was in too great a hurry to explain them now, and, besides, Miriam was "awful smart."

He stopped to collect his scattered thoughts.

"What then?" queried the sister, interested.

"Then the Jews thought they would remind themselves of this fact every year by building huts, either in their homes or in their synagogues, and making the holiday bright and pretty by decorating the booths with all the flowers and fruits of the season. The teacher showed us a big picture of a Succah, that's what the hut is called. The top and the walls were covered with branches of trees, from which hung corn, bananas, apples, red peppers, oranges and a lot more goodies, and the sides of the tent were covered with flowers."

"Tent; did you say tent?" asked Miriam, excitedly.

"I mean booth," said Sam, "although it did look like a tent."

"I say, Sam, let's fix up our tent, and surprise mamma and papa. Did you say Succoth was on Tuesday?"

"Capital!" shouted Sam. "Here in the country we will have everything handy. We can begin at once; but mind, not a word to papa and mamma!"

Sam and Miriam lived in a beautiful home in the suburb of a large city, and their play-tent in the pretty garden at the rear of the house was just the thing to arrange as a Succah. The spreading trees, with their thick foliage and fruits, were right at hand, and in the vegetable patch there was plenty to spare for their decorations. Nor was their secret likely to be discovered, as papa was busy at his office all day, and mamma had her hands full with baby and housekeeping.

The Succoth eve, which was eagerly looked forward to by all the members of the Moss family, came at last. The children had a surprise for their parents, and the parents had one for their children.

Mr. Moss came home earlier than usual that afternoon, and joining his children in the front garden, where they frequently played, he took one on each knee and began to tell them the story of Succoth.

"Oh, we know all about that pretty story," they sang out together.

"That's so; Sammy goes to Sabbath school," said papa, with a smile, patting his son on the head. "But I know you have never seen a Succah, and mamma and I have arranged to take you to synagogue this evening to see one."

"Me, too?" asked Miriam, clapping her hands.

"Yes, if you promise not to talk there."

"I will promise, papa, but I have seen a Succah, and so has Sam," said the child, eagerly.

"Have you? Where?" asked Mr. Moss.

"Right here. Would you like to see it?"

"I should like to see it, too," said Mrs. Moss, who had joined them.

Sam took his mother's arm, Miriam took her papa's hand, and the procession marched to the tent. The surprise was complete. Both Mr. and Mrs. Moss could not suppress an exclamation of wonder and pleasure at the beautiful interior.

It was in every particular like the picture Sam had seen, only much prettier on account of the bright colorings of the fruits and flowers.

Very proud were these two children as they tripped to the synagogue that evening. Their talk was all about their Succah, and the great fun they had had making it, and their parents were loud in their praise of it.

As they entered the sacred building, Miriam made a firm resolution not to utter a word during the services, and she would have kept her word, but when the rabbi blessed the fruits and flowers which hung around and above him, and said that when the festival was over they would be given to the poor and sick of the congregation, Miriam turned to Sam, and whispered: "Let us do that with our's. I know lots of poor children in Fisher's Hollow who would enjoy the fruits and vegetables; and sick Joe and his cousin, poor Ruth, would feel all the better for the flowers."

Sam, who would not speak on any account, nodded his head in approval.

And so it was arranged. Near the Moss home there was quite a settlement of poor people, and their children were all invited to visit Sam's and Miriam's Succah, each one leaving with a bag of goodies in his hand, and a grin of thanks on his face.

The flowers were divided among half a dozen sick children, who for days had many a happy thought about the kind little boy and girl who had given them.

To Sam and Miriam the Succoth festival truly meant joy and thanksgiving. Joy for the pleasure

of doing and giving, and thanksgiving to God and parents for the blessings bestowed on them. Is it necessary to say that this was only one of many, many happy days? That Succoth was the beginning of a life of work and charity for Sam and Miriam.

ONE KOL NIDRE NIGHT

ONE KOL NIDRE NIGHT.

IN appearance little Joseph was not a typical child of the Ghetto. His fair, pretty face was surrounded by golden curls, his eyes were a deep blue and his happy boyish nature shed sunshine from morning till night, bringing joy to his fond parents and happiness to all those who came in contact with him. Yet he was a typical Ghetto child at heart. His father was a chazan, and Joseph loved everything Jewish. He loved the Sabbath, he revered the holy days, and despite his being only five years of age, he knew all the important Hebrew prayers and ceremonies by heart, taking special delight in assisting his father in any religious service. The Sabbath of Sabbaths—Yom Kippur—was at hand, and all the inhabitants of this Ghetto in the Russian town of S— were leaving their homes and wending their way to Schul. Joseph had not felt well during the day, and his parents thought it advisable for him to sit on the front door step during the cool September evening instead of spending several hours in the close, crowded synagogue. The child was sadly disappointed at having

to forego the pleasure of ushering in the holiest of days, and sobbingly he said: "I love to hear father chant the Kol Nidre. Please let me go."

But his parents' wishes were stronger than his, and tenderly they kissed him good-bye as they piously went their way, leaving Joseph to dream alone at the door in front of his home, in fact, alone in the street, for old and young attended the solemn service.

What a hush it was that fell over the place. At first Joseph said all the prayers he remembered and tried to say them in the same order in which his father was chanting them in the Schul. As the twilight deepened into darkness the child's pretty eyes grew dim; his head gradually drooped and drooped, until he slept peacefully—dreaming, perhaps, of the Kol Nidre.

A band of gypsies were passing through the town of S—. They had heard of the Jewish section, and of the rich Jews that were said to live there. They had also heard that on this night the homes of the Jews would be forsaken, and they entered the Ghetto to help themselves to whatever might be conveniently taken.

The chazan's house stood prominently at the entrance of the principal street, so not unnaturally,

the gypsies came face to face with Joseph at the very outset.

"Oh, ho! What have we here?" laughed one, his eyebrows lowering over his wicked eyes, as he chuckled with delight. "Here is an unlooked for treasure."

"A large ransom may bring you back to your parents, but until then you are ours," said a second.

"Quick, boys. Ransack the house," shouted the captain, "while we gag this precious bundle."

Joseph moved uneasily and mumbled the Kol Nidre in his sleep. Suddenly his hands were bound in back of him, and a stout bandage was tightly pressed over his mouth. He was wide awake in an instant; but, oh, so helpless. His revered father! his beloved mother! He tried to call, but to no avail, and then the truth dawned upon him, and scalding tears blinded his sight. The ruffians laughed at the lad's discomfiture.

"Come," jeered one, "I'll give you a ride," and he roughly placed him on his shoulder.

"Forward, march!" commanded the captain, and they hurried away past all the houses that Joseph knew so well. In one dwelt his little playmate Samuel, the merchant's son; in another lived his dear old grandparents. Here he was wont to

visit the Shammash; and here—they had reached the synagogue. Joseph's heart was bursting with grief. His captors nudged and poked him, and

one said: "My beauty, don't cry, you may come back bye and bye!"

Joseph heard his father's voice. He was intoning the impressive melody of the Kol Nidre. The

boy shook the tears from his eyes and looked to heaven.

"Oh God," he prayed "save me from these bad men." But the only answer he received was from the man who was carrying him, who said: "Stop your sobbing, you little brat, or I'll give you something to cry about. Your father can send us your weight in gold and then we'll give you back to him. Until then you may as well make the best of us; for we've got you and mean to keep you."

Even if the boy's father would have had the gold to buy back his son, it would have been useless, as the gypsies were arrested several weeks later and relieved of their booty. Joseph fell into the hands of a Russian officer, in a distant town, who was at once attracted by the beauty of the child. The boy was thankful to get away from the outlaws. He told the officer his story and begged to be taken back to his home.

"You belong to an outcast tribe. You have no home. Henceforth you shall stay with me. My wife has often wished for a son, and you shall be one to her. Who knows, we may some day make a great man of you."

Joseph pleaded; he cried; he prayed to be taken

back to the Ghetto in the town of S—, but the officer and his wife turned a deaf ear to all his arguments, trying by kind actions and endearing words to win his heart, and make him forget his own people.

Years passed, and Joseph was growing into manhood. The Ghetto life seemed a dream that he had once dreamed in his early childhood; but his real home was in the great city, and he was the adopted son of the respected officer, who had recently been made the Governor of a large province. His own parents he believed dead. Much care had been taken with his school and religious training to obliterate the past and instill new thoughts and doctrines, until the Hebrew prayers were forgotten, the Saturday Sabbath ignored; the Sunday kept holy, and the "Our Father" recited mornings and evenings. His adopted mother, who now looked on Joseph as her son, was devoted to him, and glowed with pride when she first beheld him in his uniform. He was to be an officer like his father, in the hope of some day becoming Governor too. He was a handsome man; his blue eyes looked frankly into his mother's, as she fondly brushed the golden ringlets from his forehead.

"Do you like your soldier boy, mother mine?" he asked.

She answered him with a kiss.

He advanced in the ranks and attained honors, and the days passed happily for our young hero, excepting that every once in a while at intervals, which as time passed grew farther apart, vague memories of a previous life and strange, different surroundings from the present, caused him to fall into periods of sadness and longing, which even the solicitous concern of his new parents could not drive away. At such times the indistinct recollection of a strange melody haunted his dreams.

All went well until the cholera broke out one summer in Russia. It was a dreadful time, rich and poor alike were stricken, and Joseph was left parentless over night. His grief was pitiful to see, and as his friends feared for his own health, they advised him to travel and try to forget his sorrow.

He went from city to town, from town to village, in the hope of seeing new faces, and new phases of life which might interest him.

It was one evening late in September, that he entered the town of S—. Aimlessly he wandered up one street and down another, his thoughts

always dwelling on his foster parents and their recent death. Suddenly a low murmur stole to his ear. The murmur grew to a chant, the chant to a song, and Hebrew words filled the air. Joseph stood spell-bound. He found himself opposite a quaint old building from which the sounds came. Somewhere he had seen a "Jew church" (as he called it) like that, but his mind was confused. Somewhere in the long forgotten past he had heard those chants and the voice, too, had a familiar ring. Joseph laughed aloud at his folly. He knew now why it seemed familiar to him—it was his dream of long ago.

"Joseph, you're a fool," he said aloud as he pulled himself together. "The old codger in the ramshackle Jew church is chanting his funeral dirge. You are in quest of diversion, so move on."

But philosophize as he would with himself, he felt drawn toward the synagogue, and before he knew it he was standing within the walls of the building. The men, wearing Tallithim over their white shrouds, and little velvet caps on their heads, sat in the body of the large room, while the women were in the balcony, screened by lattice work, all intent on their prayers. Joseph stood transfixed,

memories of the past, the remote past, crowded thick upon him. There was the Sefer Torah with the silver ornaments, at the eastern end. The old chazan stood on a raised platform near the ark; his grand, solemn voice, as Joseph entered, began chanting the Kol Nidre. A wave of deep emotion swept through Joseph. What was this life awakening within him out of the dim past? Like a revelation, his childhood appeared before him. This was the song of his dreams.

Joseph seemed to know the words. The place seemed familiar to him. He sank into a seat in the rear of the synagogue and was lost in reverie. He saw himself a child again. His darling mother was the kind, gentle woman who made the home a haven of rest, and a place of comfort and study for the husband and father. His father? Yes, that was he, the kindly gray-haired man who stood in the pulpit, the revered and beloved chazan of the congregation. How he longed to throw his arms around his neck and cry out: "Father, I have returned!" But the sanctity of the place forbade it. Slowly he rose to his feet and staggered out. Fortunately the congregation was too intent on the prayers to take notice of the young officer who sat in the back of the room. He walked past the

house of the Shammash; he recognized the home of his grandparents. "Are they still living?" he wondered. Here was where Samuel, the merchant's son, dwelt, his playmate of sixteen years ago, and here—he entered his father's house. Dear old place, so simple and yet so homelike.

It seemed like a weary wait, but the Kol Nidre service was finally concluded and the chazan and his good wife returned to the home which had been desolate for so many years. Who was this stranger on the threshold! Be he Jew or Gentile he should be welcome! The chazan motioned the visitor to a seat and was about to question him, when the boy's heart burst forth: "Father, don't you know me? Mother, I am your Joseph!"

TWO HOLIDAY PLAYS

I—A Happy Purim

II—A Merry Hanucca

I—A HAPPY PURIM

A HAPPY PURIM.

(This Purim play is written in two acts. It may be performed by children for the amusement of their little friends.)

CHARACTERS.

Mrs. Samson,
Joe Samson,
Alice Samson,
May,
Mollie,
Jennie,
Rose,
Ada,
Julius,
Their friends.

Mrs. Leon,
Mr. Leon,
Sammy,
Rachel,
Louisa,
Their children.

ACT I.

SCENE.—Room in Alice Samson's home. Mrs. Samson standing at rear table cutting garments. Five little girls busy sewing on flannel petticoats, and chatting merrily. They sit in a semi-circle in center front of stage.

Rose.—I wonder what is keeping Alice so long. I know she was not detained at school this afternoon.

Jennie.—Alice detained! Did any one ever hear of such a thing! She was distinguished this week and only remained until school was out to assist the teacher.

Mother.—I think Alice must have gone to the shop to buy some spools of cotton. I heard her say that the sewing circle's supply was running very low.

May.—That is so like Alice; she is always looking out for the future. I wish I was more like her.

Mollie.—I'll wager her little petticoat is on the fair road to being finished while mine is only begun. Let's see (takes Alice's sewing out of its bag and holds up almost finished garment). Yes! It is just as I thought. Hurrah for Alice!

Ada.—Alice; first in school, first in sewing; first in the hearts of her playmates dear.

Mother.—I am glad you all have such a good opinion of my little girl; of course, as her mother, I must agree with all you say. But to come back to this circle, I think you are a merry little band of good workers; and I am glad you are sewing for charity, as there are many little tots who need the warm clothing you are now putting together.

Alice.—(Running into the room, hat and coat awry, quite out of breath pulling a little seven-year-old girl after her, who is carrying a basket stocked with spools, etc.). See girls, what has kept me so long. I saw this child standing at the

corner of L street; her stock is almost as small as she, so I though we might do a double charity by buying the contents of her basket and giving her some warm petticoats. She is so shy that it took considerable coaxing on my part to persuade her to come with me. Nothing short of a promise of a cup of milk and some cake would answer.

Mother.—She certainly shall have the food; first, however, I will take her measure. (Suits action to the word.) Now Katherine, I say, please come take this child to the nursery and feed her well. Baby may have some toys to her liking (pushes the child out).

Alice.—Now, mother what are your plans, I know you have at least one ready.

Mother.—I would suggest that some of you quickly finish the garments you are sewing on—May's and Ada's will just fit the tot. I will quickly stitch this woolen frock together. Here, Rose you can help me with these sleeves, Molly you take the collar, and Jennie make the pocket.

Alice.—(Who has been counting the spools of cotton in the basket and then the money in treasury box). Hurrah, girls, our dues will just reach; there are five spools of cotton, four pieces of tape, and one paper of needles and one of pins, and our fifty cents will cover the cost of all.

Mother.—Quick, Alice, sew the buttons on your skirt, so you can help with the dress. I hope to be able to send the poor little one home by five, a cleaner, warmer and happier child.

Rose.—I wonder where she lives?

Jennie.—And what her name is?

May.—And if she has any sisters or brothers?

Molly.—And whether she has to sell things all her life, and—?

Ada.—Not if I can help it. I say, girls, let's make it our business to find out all we wish to know, and if she is really deserving, I know of a way to help her and her family.

Alice.—My, but it sounds grand, girls, to be able to really help the poor. I hope we will succeed.

Mother.—I think perhaps the child's hunger being appeased she may not be so shy. I will call her up and question her. (Goes out and returns at once with tot, who has mouth full of cake and is holding big doll in her little arms.)

(Mrs. Samson seats herself with child on her lap, in center of group.)

Mother.—What is your name, little one?

Rachel.—Rachel is my name, but mommer calls me Ray to save time.

Mother.—Is your mother's time so valuable?

Rachel.—Oh, yes'm, she's kept busy nursing pop and the kid.

Mother.—Is the "kid" younger than you?

Rachel.—Oh, yes! Louisa, she's five, and I got a brother, Sammy, he's nine. Pop is sick most of the time, so Sammy and me tries to support the family.

Alice.—See, Ray, we will buy your spools and tape and needles, so here's your empty basket and your money.

Rachel.—(Clapping her hands.) Mommer will be so happy. The money will buy a swell dinner.

May.—This is for you too. (Holds up skirt.)

Ada.—And this—are you glad?

Rachel.—Mommer will be glad cause she aint got no time to sew pretty things for me, but she loves me just the same.

Rose.—Where do you live, Ray?

Rachel.—Up the alley off of H— street.

Jennie.—Don't you ever go to school?

Rachel.—Got no time for learning.

Mother.—Now, run back to the nursery while we finish our sewing. (Ray goes out caressing doll.)

All.—Now, Ada, tell us your plan.

Ada.—Let's give a play.

Mollie.—Oh, that will be jolly.

Ada.—A play is the thing, and with the money we take in at the door, we can get lots of good things for Ray's family as a Purim surprise.

May.—That's a capital idea. I'll be door-tender and take in the money.

Mother.—Girls, how would you like to make it a Purim play? The story of good Esther, of noble, sacrificing Mordecai, and King Ahasuerus would be just the material for a pretty play.

All.—Will you write it, Mrs. Samson?

Mother.—There will be little to write, as the words of the "Book of Esther" will do, taken in brief. The first act could be a tableau of the king choosing Esther from among a group of maidens. Of course, you could all be in this tableau.

Alice.—I think Ada ought to be queen, because she had the idea of the play.

All.—So do we. Will you, Ada?

Ada.—It will be my aim henceforth to be a queen among women.

Mother.—The second scene will be Mordecai at the gate of the Palace, bewailing the proposed fate of the Jews, for the news has gone forth that

Haman obtained the King's consent to have all the Jews killed. Esther comes to him and promises to plead with the King in behalf of her race. The third scene—

Jennie.—Who will take the men's parts? I'm sorry to say that there is not a single gentleman in this whole crowd.

(Enter Joe Samson and Molly's brother, Julius.)

Joe.—Howde, Mother? Hello, girls, what's the row?

Julius.—What are we up against? Joe, let's scoot!

Mother.—Indeed, you remain right here, your coming could not be more opportune. We are devising a Purim play, and need male characters.

Joe.—Me in a play, not muchie.

Alice.—(Runs to him.) You can be King Ahasuerus, and—

Joe.—Who's the queen?

Ada (bowing low).—I, so it please your majesty.

Joe.—That alters matters some. I guess for such a consideration, I can assume a kingly attitude.

Julius.—And pray, what am I to be? Not Haman, on your life! (shudders).

Jennie.—I'm afraid we'll have trouble finding a suitable Haman.

Julius.—Oh, any old sinner will do for that part, but I want to be a hero or die.

Ada.—You may be a hero and die, but in this case I will let you live. I will use my queenly influence with Joe and bring deliverance to you and all your people,—my people, I mean.

Molly.—Julius, you will look just lovely in sackcloth and ashes. How does the character of Mordecai suit you?

Julius.—Next to being king, Mordecai is to my taste. I have always admired his character, but what must I say and do?

Alice.—Mother will tend to that part later, but who will do for Haman?

Joe.—I have it! I owe Louis Cohen a grudge, and by making him Haman in the play, I, in my royal person, will know what punishment to inflict on him.

Rose.—What has he done so dreadful?

All.—Yes, tell us.

Joe.—Not very much, but as Haman he shall hang just the same.

May.—Please, Mrs. Samson, tell us the third scene?

Mother.—In the third act, the king and queen and Haman are feasting.

Joe.—Say, Jule, I'm right in it.

Julius.—So is Louis Cohen.

Mother.—Esther pleads for the Jews; the king is surprised to learn of the trouble in store for his Jewish subjects. He asks who dared to even think of perpetrating this awful deed. Esther points to Haman, who grows white with fear. The king then orders that for his punishment he shall be put to death in the same manner as he planned for his enemies.

All.—Splendid! Won't it be fun?

Ada.—Remember, you will all have me to thank for your deliverance.

Rose.—And Rachel will have us all to thank for a Purim dinner, for I think we will sell lots of tickets for the play; don't you, girls?

Jennie.—My father will, I think, print the tickets for us.

Mother.—And now to send Rachel home.—I fear we have not finished the dress, but one of Alice's from a few years ago will fit well enough until this is done. Let us go to the nursery and dress her. Joe and Julius can escort her home, while we arrange the details of the entertainment.

Next Friday a week is Purim, so we dare not delay. Run now and make Ray happy.

(All go out chatting and laughing.)

CURTAIN.

SECOND ACT.

SCENE I.

STREET SCENE.—May, Mollie, Jennie, Rosa, Ada and Alice, in winter attire, each with a basket or bundle containing the Purim dinner for Ray's family. A lively discussion of the play follows.

May.—Ada, you looked every inch a queen, and I think all of us sewing circle girls felt very proud of you.

Molly.—You bet we did, and say, did'nt the boys do their part well? I could have hugged Julius, he made such a pathetic Mordecai.

Ada.—Mordecai was Esther's uncle, then Julius and I are related by this time, and you, Molly, as his sister, must be my aunt. Come and embrace your little niece! (They embrace and laugh.)

Rose.—I think it was awfully good of your mother to give us the use of her house, Alice, and it was so well adapted for the purpose.

Alice.—Mother is a trump—I mean a brick—I mean a darling. And I'll tell you a secret. (All

crowd around her.) She enjoys children's affairs as much as we do.

Jennie.—Girls, did you see the look Louis Cohen, alias Haman, gave Joe when that kingly person pronounced the death sentence on him? I think Joe must have felt amply revenged for any imaginary grudge he owed Louis.

May.—Joe certainly ruled with a high hand. I thought I would shout with laughter when he waved his sceptre toward the queen and said: "What would my royal spouse? And if it be half my kingdom she shall have it!"

Molly.—And, Ada, you were just grand when you answered: "It is but to invite my lord and master to dine with me on the morrow. I would that Haman attend his royal person."

Ada.—Spare my blushes. Mrs. Samson deserves the praise, as she arranged the whole affair.

Rose.—And now that it is successfully over we will all get our reward by seeing the pleasure of Ray and her family. Goodness knows, this package smells good enough to eat.

Jennie.—Let's see what the $10 taken in for the tickets bought for the family. I have a turkey.

Alice.—And I the cranberry sauce and pie.

Ada.—I carry the potatoes and celery.

Molly.—Not forgetting the bread and jelly in my box.

May.—Won't it be jolly to see their surprise. I never had so much fun in my life before.

Rose.—I bring a bottle of wine for the sick father.

Jennie.—And best of all is this purse with a $5 bill in it. I will place it in the center of the table where they will find it.

Alice.—Now, girls, fall in line and remember to say as little as possible while putting the goodies on the table, and to disappear as mysteriously as we came. All attention! Shoulder arms! Forward march! (All march off, laughing merrily.)

SCENE II.

Characters.—Mr. and Mrs. Leon, Sammy (9 years old), Ray (7 years old), Louisa (5 years old).

A very shabby, bare room. Table in center, couch at one side on which reclines a man. Four chairs stand about room. Louisa, a child of five, seated on one, trying to keep warm. Father on couch groans and sighs. Wife, who is sewing, crosses to him and says:

Mrs. Leon.—Put this shawl around you, so. Do you feel warm now, dear husband?

Mr. Leon.—Thank you, Esther; it feels good, but it seems selfish in me to monopolize all the warmth.

Mrs. Leon.—I do not need it. See, I am too busy to notice the chilly room. (Shivers as she seats herself beside her husband.)

Louisa (crying).—I am so cold, and hungry, too, boo-hoo!

Mrs. L.—Hush, dear. Sammy will soon return with bread, and then we will have a feast.

Mr. L.—Feast! Oh, Esther, do you know what day this is? Your birthday and Purim. But there will be no feasting for us—poor and forsaken as we are by man and—

Ray (running into the room).—See, mommer, I have already sold ten cents' worth this morning. Shall I buy bread now?

Mrs. L.—Wait for Sammy to come home.—He may have had success selling his papers to-day, and then we can celebrate Purim in a more fitting manner. (Sighs.)

Mr. L.—You, my Esther, born on Purim and named after the good queen, should live a more comfortable life than this. I shudder to think what I have dragged you to.

Mrs. L.—Sickness and poverty may come to all, and if borne nobly they are no disgrace. The good God of Israel has never forsaken His children and He will not forsake us.

Sammy (entering hastily).—Mother, dear, good news. I sold out my papers quite early this morning. There are the pennies—twenty cents for my share, and here are ten cents more for carrying some baggage to the station for a gent. Now, ain't that a big pile in one day?

Mr. L.—You did well my son, and mother and I appreciate your efforts. Now, wife, how shall we celebrate your birthday?

Ray.—Is to-day your birthday, Mommer? Let's have some fun.

Sammy.—Then, to-day is Purim, too, ain't it so, mamma? I'll get the party while youse try to be cheerful. Good-by. (Goes out.)

Louisa.—Tell me the story of how you were born on Purim, mommer?

Ray.—Oh, do, I love to hear about Esther. Is that why you were called Esther, after the lady in the Bible?

Mrs. L.—Yes, children, I was born on Purim day. You know that the story of Purim tells of incidents that happened thousands of years ago in Persia, where a king, Ahasuerus, reigned over the people.

Louisa.—I don't like his name.

Ray.—Won't you tell us again who Esther was?

Mrs. L.—She was a Jewish girl whom the king selected from all his subjects to be his wife. Esther had been brought up from early childhood by her uncle, Mordecai.

Louisa.—His name's a little better than the other fellow's, any way.

Ray.—Please don't interrupt mommer. Let her go.

Mrs. L.—Mordecai had on a previous occasion saved the life of the king from two of his servants who had plotted to kill him. This good act was written in a big book, where all the records of the court were kept. The king's prime minister, as he was called, was Haman, a very proud man with a wicked heart. He wanted all the honors for himself, so was very angry when he had to lead Mordecai, seated on the king's horse, through the city and cry, "This is the man the king wishes to honor for saving his royal life." Haman always hated the Jews, and this made him hate them more, and consequently he went to the king and asked leave to put to death a lot of people who he said were a nuisance in the kingdom. The king, without realizing the awfulness of the deed, gave his consent, and the order went forth that on a certain day of a certain month all the Jews would

be put to death. Mordecai then went to Queen Esther and cried aloud, his grief in behalf of his people was so great. Esther promised to plead with the king, which she did so well that all the Jews were allowed to live and be happy. Purim is the celebration of this deliverance, and is a holiday for thanksgiving and joy. Those who have much are supposed to give to their less fortunate neighbors, because God gave freedom to their ancestors thousands of years ago.

Ray.—I don't see anybody giving anything to us. We're unfortunate, ain't we?

Louisa.—Yes, and I'm awful hungry.

Mrs. L.—Let us pray and perhaps He'll hear our prayer. (Folds her hands and looks to heaven, just as a knock is heard at the door.)

Ray.—Guess Sammy's got his arms full of stuff. I'll open. (Runs to the door and admits May, Mollie, Ada, Jennie, Rose and Alice, carrying baskets and packages.)

Louisa (hides behind her mother).—Say, mommer, who are they?

Ray (running toward the visitors).—I know them, mommer. They are the girls what gave me these clothes and money that day.

Alice.—Yes, we are the same, and we thought

we would help you to celebrate Purim by bringing a surprise. Fall in line, girls. Ready! Work!

(All busy themselves setting the table quietly. Enter Sammy.)

Sammy.—My eyes! Am I dreaming? (Pinches himself.) No, I'm awake and by ginger! this is great. Pop (goes over and shakes him), see, popper, what's happening. Fairies at work. (Father sits up, rubbing his eyes.)

Mr. L.—Who are you, girls, and how did you find us in this out-of-the way alley?

Mrs. L.—God is indeed good to us. He has heard my prayers. I thank Him.

Louisa.—Mommer, what is that thing with legs?

Ray.—That is a—a—a turk—.

Sammy.—I should call it a bird.

(Girls filing out, waving hands, crying.)—Merry Purim! Merry Purim to all!

(Family stands around the table speechless for a while.)

Mrs. L.—Come, husband. (Supports him to the table). Feast your eyes. Is it not glorious!

Mr. L.—Yes, Esther, just as you deserve.

Sammy.—Turkey! Hurrah!

Ray.—Cranberries! Hurray!

Louisa.—Pie! Hurroo!

Mrs. L. (discovers the purse).—Run, Sammy, after the girls. They have forgotten this purse. (Sammy runs out.)

Mr. L.—A party fit for a queen, and you are she, Esther.

Louisa.—If they had been dressed in white, I'd a-been sure they were fairies.

Sammy (returning out of breath).—They are nowhere in sight. (Hands father the purse.)

Mr. L.—(Takes it and looks inside. Takes out five dollars and letter. Reads aloud.) "Hearts and hands unite in wishing you a happy day. Six Little Workers."

Mrs. L.—God bless them. They have brought hope to me on this sunshiny Purim day. See, husband, this wine will give you strength.

Mr. L.—I feel better already. Good cheer is a tonic which goes to the heart. Let us be merry.

Sammy.—My potatoes and bread will do for some other time. This suits me better. (Puts aside what he has bought.)

Mr. L.—Come, children, pull your chairs to the table and we will feast.

Mrs. L.—First, however, we will offer our thanks to Him who never forsakes Israel. Children, let us pray. (All fold hands, and look to heaven as curtain drops.)

CURTAIN.

II—A MERRY HANUCCA

A MERRY HANUCCA.

CHARACTERS.

Paul,
John,
Carl,
James,
Mrs. Levy,
Mr. Levy,
Sarah,
Ella,
Sol.

ACT I.

SCENE:.....Street or Garden.

The boys—(John, Carl and James) playing ball. They call out the base ball terms, and make runs. When the game is at its height, Paul saunters in with his hands in his pockets, whistling. (Boys are all in winter attire.) Boys stop game and gather around him. They form a semi-circle in the center of the stage.

Paul.—I say, boys, how are you going to spend the holidays? Won't it be a jolly long week for all of us. I feel like shouting for joy, so here goes. (He gives a loud Indian whoop.)

Carl.—I'm going to have a boss time reading as my parents promised me books and books and nothing but books this Christmas.

John.—I like to read better than anything else, especially detective stories, but papa said times were too bad this year for presents (sighs).

James.—I have some dandy detective stories and you are welcome to them, John. Just now I

am devouring 'The Spy' by Fenimore Cooper. Did any of you ever read it? My, but it's a stunner! My papa has a big bookcase full of books, and I am permitted to take out all the boys' books.

Carl.—I am going to get a little steam engine and as you, John, are somewhat of an engineer I wish you would help me work it. All come around, chums, and we'll have some fun.

Paul.—That reminds me, fellows, that I came here to ask you to come Christmas eve to see my big tree. I am going to have a lot of mechanical toys and mother said I could invite my friends. Papa helps me work the toys, and every year we have a grand display. Don't forget to come on Christmas eve. I will be on the lookout for you.

Carl.—My little sister will have a tree, but I am too big for such nonsense. By the way, who knows where a carpenter lives. I was to order a stand for the tree, and sister will cry if it is not there on time.

John.—Girls are big babies anyway. I'm mighty glad I'm not a girl. Some day I hope to be a soldier and fight for my country.

James.—Bully for you John—General John, I mean.

Carl.—You can be a soldier but I want a carpenter, and pretty quick too. Time is short.

Paul.—I know where a carpenter lives. He does his work well and is quick at it. I would not like your sister to be disappointed. The man's name is Levy, and he lives in a little street back of our house.

Carl.—You mean Sol Levy's father? He's a Jew,—

John.—Well, what of that? Sol's in my class, and he's a nice boy. He can't help that he's a Jew, can he?

Paul.—For shame boys! Who are we to sit in judgment on others. You can't get a better workman than Mr. Levy. Carl, shall I go with you to attend to the ordering of the stand?

James.—John, walk with me, and I'll tell you all about 'The Spy.' (John and James go off arm in arm talking.)

Carl.—I wonder what the Jews do at Christmas time. Poor things; they have no holiday like ours, and they get no presents. I'm glad I'm what I am.

Paul.—I know many a Jewish boy, yet I never heard one complain. While you talk to Mr. Levy, I will ask his children to come and see our

tree and the mechanical workings. I think they will enjoy seeing them.

Carl.—You're too good to live, Paul. Come along old fellow to your friends, the Levys. I wish I was as good as you, but I must confess, I am going more out of curiosity to see how these people live, than of interest to aid them. I'll give them the job on your recommendation.

Paul.—You will have no cause to regret it. The Levys are poor people, but they are good and true to their religion, and we must respect them for that.

Carl.—Whew! Where did you learn your fine sermon?

Paul.—Well, my father is a minister, and he teaches me to respect all religions, even if I only believe in one.

Carl.—You are right as usual, and I'll try to profit by your good words. Come, we will go to the Levys, and I will see for myself who they are and what they are.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Room—Carpenter's bench to the left: carpenter at work. To the right are seated three children. Sarah, a girl of ten in center—Sol aged nine and Ella six on each side of her.

Sarah.—My, but the store windows look beautiful now with the big gold balls and silver ornaments. Did you notice them, children, as you came home from school to-day?

Sol.—Did I, well I guess. I wish I could have everything in every window.

Ella.—Me too. I like dollies, and I saw the grandest one with a yellow satin dress on.

Sarah.—If you, Sol, had your choice, what would you wish for a Hanucca present?

Sol.—A sled to be sure. I have always wanted one but I never dared ask. They cost so much.

Sarah.—I would love to have that pretty workbox I saw in the shop. I wish mamma would give it to me. She always has some surprise for us, she is so kind and good.

Sol.—I'm afraid we want more than papa can afford this year. Work is scarce you know.

Sarah.—See how tired papa looks, let's cheer him up. (She runs over and kneels at his side. Sol and Ella do the same.)

Sol.—Stop work a minute, father, and rest yourself.

Ella.—Stop to love your Ella. (Ella hugs him.)

Sarah.—A kiss for me too. Now do you feel rested?

Father.—Rested and comforted children; but run to your play as I have this job to finish before evening.

(A knock is heard at the door—Enter Paul and Carl.)

Paul.—Mr. Levy, this is my chum, Carl Smith. He wants to talk to you.

(They talk in a whisper. Paul crosses to group of children and listens to their chat.)

Sol.—If I had a sled I would take you and Ella out for a ride every snowy day; but I know its no use wishing for what seems impossible.

Ella.—I'll try to be happy with my old doll. (Runs and gets an old rag doll.)

Sarah.—Even if we don't get anything this year we'll be happy for mother's and father's sake. We always have such fun on Hanucca lighting candles and singing the "Maoz Zur." I think it is the jolliest time in the whole year.

Ella.—I wonder whether everybody has as good a time as we do? Come on, children, let's play with out tröndel.

Paul.—Isn't that a cute top. Let's see it.

Sarah.—That is a Hanucca toy. See these Hebrew letters. This one means "all." The letter on this side means "half." Now turn the tröndel on the third side and the letter means "nothing," and the letter on the fourth side means "to put to," "to add."

Sol.—I'll spin the top and show you how it works.

Paul.—It is like a little " wheel of fortune " my sister owns. Let me try it.

(Children continue playing with the tröndel.)

Mr. Levy.—Very well, young man, I'll make it according to directions.

(Takes paper and pencil as Carl dictates.)

Carl (dictating).—The garden is to be three feet square, with a low railing around it, and the stand for the tree is to be fastened in the center. The whole thing is to be painted green, and when dry is to be sent at once to 761 Eighth Street.

Mr. Levy.—You have given me very little time. However, I'll take the job and try to have it ready in time so as not to disappoint your sister. I would not like my own little ones to be disappointed. (Looks lovingly towards the group.)

Carl.—(Putting on his hat.) Come Paul, my business is done. Let us go.

Paul.—(Reluctantly edging away from the group with whom he was conversing in low tones.) I'm ready. Good-bye Mr. Levy. Good-bye little ones. I hope your Kriss Kringle will be kind to you.

(Exit both.)

(Children cross to father and gather around his knee.)

Ella.—Does he really think we believe in Kriss Kringle, papa?

Papa.—No, Paul knows better. He has a good heart and meant no offense.

Sarah.—We don't need a Kriss Kringle to be kind to us. We have you, dear papa (puts arms lovingly around his neck) and darling mamma. Our Hanucca lights are dearer to us than a tree could ever be, and our festival is a beautiful one.

Mother.—(Comes to door.) Come children wash your faces and hands and make yourselves look trim for supper.

Father.—If I can judge by the smell, the food will be good. I have appetite.

Children (running out and kissing mother as they pass her).—So have I—and I—and I.

Father.—God bless them.

Mother.—They are very precious to us.

Father.—The dear little souls, they never dreamed I was listening to their talk about Hanucca presents, but I know what they want and I'll start this evening to make the sled for Sol and the work-box for Sarah.

Mother.—Did Ella want nothing?

Father.—The darling! She wants a doll.

Mother.—She shall have one and I shall dress

it to satisfy the pet. Her old rag baby is a sad looking object, indeed; we'll try to make this Hanucca the happiest yet.

Father.—I agree with Sarah that the holiday is beautiful, and I thank God for His goodness to us.

Mother.—Amen. Come we will join the little ones.

SCENE II.

Back parlor in Levy's house.

Candles all lit. Next to table on each side is an arm chair in which are seated Mr. and Mrs. Levy, in holiday attire. Front of stage center, children singing "Maoz Zur." Mother rises and fetches sled, box and doll from closet; she distributes toys amid exclamations of surprise and joy.

Sol.—(Turning to father.) Papa, this is just the loveliest sled I ever saw. Did you make it for me?

Mother.—Yes my son. Papa remained up till twelve o'clock several nights working on your sled and Sarah's work-box.

Sarah.—Thank you ever so much papa. I will prize the present so much more because you made it. (Kisses him.)

Ella.—(Running to her mother.)—I know you dressed my dolly for me, and it is prettier, oh

ever so much prettier than the one in yellow in the shop window. I love you both. (Hugs mother and doll.)

Papa.—Now my children gather round my chair and I will tell you the story of Hanucca.

Children (in chorus, clapping hands).—Oh I'm so glad, I like to hear it.

(Bell rings. Mother opens door and admits Paul.)

Paul.—(Standing in doorway, fumbling his hat in an embarrassed way.) Please to excuse me. I did not know. I came to invite the children to my house. I thought they might be lonesome. You have no Christmas.

Mrs. Levy.—But we have a Hanucca, and to-night we celebrate our Festival of Lights.

Paul.—What is Hanucca?

Papa.—Come join our circle (Mother places a chair for Paul. All form a circle around table) and you will hear why we celebrate Hanucca.

Papa.—Listen while I tell my children about the holiday.

Paul.—I shall be very glad to do so. (All sit down.)

Papa.—(Tells story in a loud, clear voice.) Many, many years ago, the Jewish people were

oppressed by the Syrians. The king, Antiochus Epiphanes, wished to get rid of the Jews, and he thought the quickest and surest way of doing it was to attack their religion. He tried to convert the Jews, and when this failed, he debased the house of worship by having the flesh of swine offered on the altar and ordering the Jews to worship heathen gods. The Jews rose in rebellion and headed by a priest, Mattathias, and his five sons, they marched against the Syrians and fought them. Although the Jews were few in number compared to the enemy, they were strong in their courage and after a severe struggle, came off victorious. The first thing they did was to clean the temple. It was then rededicated amidst great rejoicing. The oil used to burn in the lamps over the altar was nearly all used up. Only a little bottle was found, containing as was thought, barely enough to last for one night. Through a miracle it burned for a whole week. Our festival is to commemorate the victory of the Jews over the Syrians, and it is celebrated by burning lights because God caused the little quantity of oil to last a week. This is the story of our feast of lights.

Sarah.—Somehow I never tire of hearing it.

Sol.—I wish I was brave like Mattathias.

Sarah.—I am glad that we are free to worship as we please.

(At the end of story mother goes out.)

Paul.—(Rises, extends hand to Mr. Levy and says.) Thank you ever so much for giving me the privilege of listening to your story. I see your Hanucca is as much to you as our Christmas is to us. (Takes his hat.) Dear me, I quite forgot that I have a gathering of friends at my house. I must hurry home.

(Mrs. Levy enters with tray on which are nuts, apples and cakes.)

Mrs. Levy.—Stay and have some refreshments with us, Paul, this is part of the fun.

Children (together).—Yes do, Paul.

Paul.—(Throws cap in air and catches it again.) I will stay. I guess the boys can get along without me and I am very comfortable where I am. I must say I've had an enjoyable time.

Mrs. Levy.—Come children draw your chairs up to the table and be merry.

Sol.—Papa may we first sing a Hanucca song for Paul?

Paul.—Oh, I wish you would.

(Bell rings. Sol opens door. Enter Carl, James and John.)

Carl.—Good evening, Sol, is Paul here?

John.—We called to spend the evening with him.

James.—And he left us to amuse ourselves.

Paul.—Excuse me, friends, I meant to return at once and bring the children with me, but I became so interested in their Hanucca celebration that I forgot all about my own holiday. I will go home as soon as I hear their song.

(John, Carl and James in chorus, May we stay and listen?)

Papa.—Certainly my lads. (Turning to audience.) Won't you join us too?

(All sing.)

(At the end of song curtain drops, children stand in line in front of the stage.)

THE END.

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